JOHN BULL

VOL. LXXVI 1994

3D EVERY THURSDAY

POCKETS OF RESISTANCE by The EDITOR

FLY BOMBS! A LLOYD'S POLICY FREE FOR EVERY READER

LOOK BEYOND THE WAR by A.G.G.

Children first please!

A small quantity of Cadbury's Milk Chocolate has been made. All the food value of the milk is in it—a glass and a half to every half-pound. Supplies are limited but are being distributed fairly in the Western and Southern Zones. When your turn comes, please remember that growing children need this extra nourishment most.

CADBURYS

***Milk* Chocolate**

Wherever **Lifebuoy's** antiseptic lather is used in the home there is protection against those germs in the dirt.

It's more than a good soap—it's a good habit!

2½d per tablet—1 coupon

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LEVER BROTHERS, PORT SUNLIGHT, LIMITED

When Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it

In emergency rations issued to soldiers, sailors, and airmen, Horlicks is an essential item. It was specially chosen for this purpose because it is exceptionally nourishing and sustaining. The makers of Horlicks are proud that it has helped to save innumerable lives.

Large quantities of Horlicks are also required for hospitals, vital war factories, and the mines. This is why there are only limited quantities of Horlicks in the shops. So, when Horlicks is scarce, don't forget that many have special need of it. And make Horlicks by mixing it with water only. The milk is already in it.

HORLICKS

Scotland makes you a promise. No. 4

Here comes your Breakfast!

The stooks of oats now stand in the Lothian fields like an army about to march. A year's toil in the fields has come to its end. To-morrow the wagons will come. The threshing machines are waiting; the mills are hungry. Last year 400,000 tons of the Scotch oat crop was made into oatmeal.

All the richness, that only Scotland can give to oats, must be retained in the milling. The freshness of the harvest must be present on the breakfast table throughout the winter months. This is a problem Scott's have solved. How do they retain the taste, freshness and food value in their rolled-oats? We will tell you more about this next time. Meet us at Scott's Mills at Colinton in Midlothian. Look for the announcement "Scotland Keeps Her Promise."

Scott's *porage* Oats
SCOTTISH AND QUICKEST
Made by A. & R. Scott Ltd. West Mills, Colinton, Midlothian

FOOD FACTS

To make a change

The Radio Doctor says: "The flavour of food is an appetiser. When you fancy a thing, your mouth waters for it. The salivary juices are ready to digest it. Flavoured food is well digested." Here are hints for two flavoured foods.

Risotto

Ingredients: 2 oz. bacon fat, 1 or 2 spring onions, chopped, 6 oz. cooked rice, 4 oz. finely shredded cabbage, 4-6 oz. chopped grilled fat bacon, salt and pepper, chopped parsley. *Method:* Melt the fat and fry the onion, rice and cabbage for 10-15 minutes. Stir well to avoid burning. Add the bacon and seasoning and serve hot. Sprinkle with chopped parsley.

Pork Loaf (Curry flavour)

Ingredients: ½ lb. pork, 1 onion, 2 level teaspoons salt, ½ teaspoon pepper, 1-2 level teaspoons curry powder, 2 level teaspoons sage, 1 dried egg, reconstituted. *Method:* Mince or chop the pork and onion. Add the seasonings and mince again. Add the egg. Put into a greased basin or jam jar. Steam for 2 hours. Serve cold with a salad.

YOUR SUGAR AND JAM

The preserves ration goes back from 2 lb. to 1 lb. per 4-weekly ration period from August 20th. You can still take sugar in place of preserves or *vice versa*, but at the rate of 1 lb. of preserves for 1 lb. of sugar instead of 1 lb. of preserves for ½ lb. of sugar.

From August 20th you will no longer be able to use the (R) coupon and you will have only the four sugar coupons and one preserves (P) coupon with which to buy sugar and preserves. Each sugar coupon will be worth ½ lb. of sugar *or* ¼ lb. of preserves, and the (P) preserves coupon will be worth 1 lb. of sugar *or* 2 lb. of preserves.

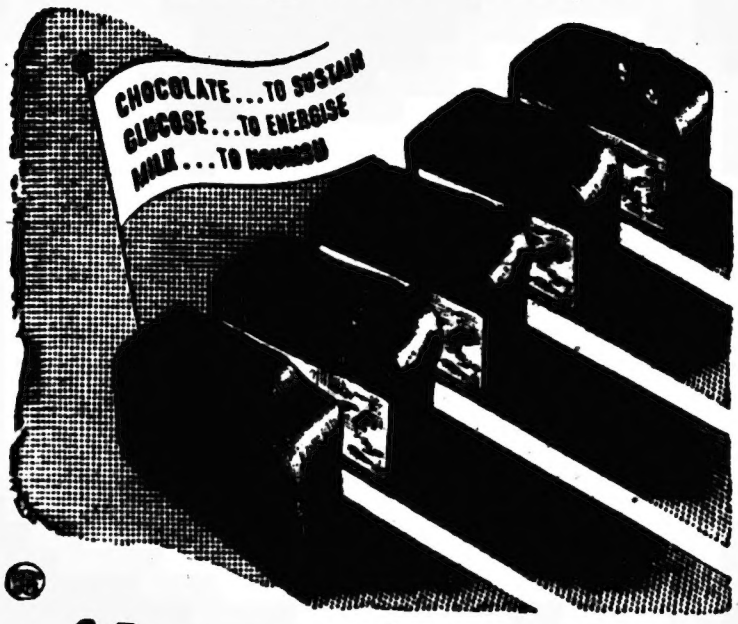
With your four sugar coupons and one preserves (P) coupon you can now buy:—

3 lb. sugar, but no preserves, *or*
2 lb. sugar and 1 lb. preserves, *or*
1 lb. sugar and 2 lb. preserves, *or*
No sugar but 3 lb. preserves.

There will be no change in the value of General or Personal Points Coupons. General A—1, B—2, C—3; Personal D—1, E—2.

THE MINISTRY OF FOOD, LONDON, W.1. FOOD FACTS No. 216

Only the finest ingredients are good enough for MARS



Mars

ZONING now restricts Mars to the Southern Counties. So here's hoping for quick victory — and plenty of Mars for everyone — everywhere.

Pipe down!

The Germans are now, more than ever anxious for any scrap of information about our next step to victory. An odd word, unwarily spoken, may give to listening ears the clue to a whole operation. Now, more than ever, careless talk is dangerous. It may cost thousands of lives and delay victory for months.

What do I do...?

I remember that what seems common knowledge to me may be valuable news to the enemy.

I never discuss troop movements or ships' sailings or convoys I have seen on the road.

I keep a special guard on my tongue in public places — in parks, pubs, buses, restaurants, railway stations and trains, and when talking on the 'phone.

I do not exchange gossip or listen to rumours about casualties or damage in flying bomb areas.

Issued by the Ministry of Information

Space presented to the Nation by the Brewers' Society

'Holidays at Home'

—what a picnic they can be!

. . . and what a feast when the picnic basket is opened and Weetabix is handed round. Weetabix, a meal in itself . . . so delicious, so sustaining . . . just the very thing for the outdoor meal.

Weetabix
MORE than a Breakfast Food

SMALL SIZE 2 POINTS 7½D
LARGE SIZE 4 POINTS 1/1D

Remember, two packages YOU have in a Weetabix area

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Thursday, for week ending Saturday, September 2, 1944, 93, Long Acre, W.C.2.
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BATTLE FOR GERMANY!

Straight from the Shoulder

AT the beginning of the sixth year of war, the battle for Germany itself is about to open.

The preliminary obstacles have been cleared. Germany's best troops have been routed. The bulk of their armour has been destroyed. Their line has been crumpled and crushed by four sledge-hammer blows. Belgium and Holland have been outflanked.

The Rhine, not the Meuse or the Marne, may well be the next target area for our bombers.

No Dunkirk

Dempsey's British and Crerar's Canadians will liberate Northern France and the Low Countries.

They may well achieve a new victory at Dunkirk. The enemy will have as little hope of taking to the boats there as the *Luftwaffe* has of challenging the swollen might of the Allied Air Forces.

Straight to Germany

Patton, driving his tanks as fast as Jove's chariot, will not lack reinforcements for his direct assault on Germany.

In the south, that other American hustler, Devers, can almost see the gates of the Reich through the Belfort Gap.

Once again, therefore, the Maginot line will be turned, and the Siegfried line is not likely to prove more than a monument of futility.

What Remains

Such is the broad picture in the West. Now look at the men arrayed in its foreground.

There is no need to count those in Allied uniform, for they are almost numberless; if necessary, an army of 2,000,000 could be poured into Germany.

Whereas the Nazis have lost ten Panzer divisions—the same number that conquered France in 1940—and thirty infantry divisions. Indeed, we have taken prisoners from thirty-four divisions. And the remainder are not likely to be fighting fit.

Doodle Land

One detail will throw the picture into sharp relief :

Von Kluge kept fifteen crack divisions on the flying-bomb coast in the hope that we would invade "Doodle Land." Montgomery forced him to transfer ten of them, including all his armour, to be beaten and battered in Normandy.

Montgomery should not find it hard to dispose of the residue—and people in Southern England will be grateful.

Gone to Ground

Moreover, there is the psychological factor. German generals could have had no faith in their own High Command, otherwise they would not have revolted.

And the opposition to Hitler and Himmler has not been liquidated. It has merely gone to ground. We may yet see civil war in Germany.

Taken for Granted

Moreover, Berlin fears new Allied descents on the coast of Europe. It knows, too, that Bomber Command Harris still looks beyond the immediate battle line.

We in Britain are apt to take our air strength for granted. Instead, we should marvel.

Remembering that 2,000 heavy bombers could be spared to attack airfields when thousands of other craft were pounding Falaise, remembering that another 2,000 were despatched to German cities at the height of the battle, who can doubt that Berlin has not yet heard its last bomb?

Famous Names

Famous names have been praised : Eisenhower, Montgomery, Leigh-Mallory, Bradley, and others. One has not been mentioned : Lindsell.

He is the general who maintained the supplies by which Alexander was able to conquer Africa. He is the man who moved ashore the incredible mountains of equipment with which Monty has triumphed in France. And he deserves a word of thanks.

Paris Muddle

When Berlin is entered eventually the news ought to be better handled than when Paris was liberated.

There, unfortunately, the announcement was not synchronised. The news of liberation was just a little premature.

Had it been held up for a few days it could have been announced simultaneously with far greater effect.

Trapped

In any case, it will no doubt be arranged that British, American, *and* Russian contingents occupy Berlin simultaneously. Certainly it is improbable that the furious German counter-attacks will long delay a renewed surge forwards by our Russian comrades.

With reinforcements, the enemy force in the Baltic area now numbers some 250,000 troops. It is fighting savagely. But it is encircled. Its extinction is certain.

The Balkans

At the other end of the enormous Russian front the defection of Rumania releases the powerful armies of Generals Malinovsky and Tolbukhin for action elsewhere.

It cuts the supply of Ploesti oil to the enemy, whose reserve tanks are running dry.

Above all, it is the signal for the fall of all the Balkans.

Liberation

Bulgaria would have liked to sidle out of the war on easy terms. Events have confronted her with hard reality. Hungary, too, must choose whether to open her gates to the Russians or drench her land with blood shed on the Fuehrer's behalf.

Now, too, the liberation of suffering Greece is in sight; Tito of Yugoslavia is about to achieve final success.

Backward Road

In Italy, the Germans must be looking apprehensively at their rear. On the Riviera side are the advancing Americans; on the other, the Serb patriots. Opposition to Alexander in front can at most delay their retreat; eventually, they must take the backward road across the Brenner.

In brief, the struggle for Europe is in its final stage.

Phase Two

Victory is a stimulant, not a sedative. Our commanders need not fear that the men and women in the factories will relax their efforts because the Battle for France has been won.

There is proper realisation here that the defeat of Germany will be but the end of Phase One, and that victory over the Japanese will require very large forces and consequently large supplies of weapons and ammunition.

New Command ?

Phase Two may, as Admiral Nimitz suggests, be concluded without actual invasion of the Japanese mainland.

But it will be a war of the open spaces, of immense seas, and whole continents. Probably the campaign in Burma will be the focal point; it would be an act of military if not poetic justice if Alexander, celebrated for a masterly retreat there in appalling conditions, was appointed to lead the 14th Army to victory.

Lasting Peace

And afterwards? Possibilities of a lasting peace still present a large question-mark. But at least we have learned enough from 1918 to discuss them before the war is won.

The Russians believe that power should be reserved for the Big Four. The Americans would allow the smaller countries to have considerable authority. The British plan is a rather feeble compromise between these two views.

Mr. Cordell Hull advocates Peace backed by force

He Spoke for All

But there is general agreement on the point stressed by Mr. Cordell Hull, shrewdest and most patrician of America's Elder Statesmen : "The organisation of peace must be backed by force, available promptly in adequate measure, and with certainty."

We have got to ensure that the new peace organisation will not wink at another Manchuria, another Abyssinia, another Spain.

Hunger Abroad

But we must make certain that peace is accompanied by prosperity. Force in itself is not enough. The root cause of war must be removed. For all the stories of the rich on the Riviera sipping aperitifs while the Germans surrendered, and the people of Chartres wearing the latest and smartest Paris clothes to celebrate liberation, there is still hunger and poverty abroad.

And peace will not endure if hunger persists.

To Action

The appointment of a new commission in America which, many are convinced, could ensure adequate food supplies for all the world, is a fine step. We all know that the Hot Springs decisions were practical politics.

So let us welcome the new Food and Agriculture Organisation of the United Nations.

Get to Work

And let us hope that the twenty nations, whose agreement is needed, will give their formal acceptance speedily so that the organisation can get to work. Ordinary people have a right to demand that the United Nations' leaders will not much longer delay action on the Economic Front.

(Continued overleaf)

"IT WOULD BE A MISTAKE TO UNDERRATE THE SERIOUS CHARACTER OF THIS WEAPON"
The PRIME MINISTER (referring to the Flying Bomb)

Underwritten at LLOYD'S

A FREE AIR RAID INSURANCE POLICY FOR EVERY READER

Readers who have not already registered can obtain the necessary Registration Forms from "John Bull's" Insurance Dept., 128, Long Acre, W.C.2.

Straight from the Shoulder —continued from preceding page

FARMWORKERS' fight for a 90s. minimum will be taken to the Central Wages Board next week. The present national minimum is 65s. for an average working week of 50 hours.

There seems no justification for bringing up the inflation bogy; farmworkers have shown themselves worth every penny of the £4 10s.

No Case

Farmers will find it difficult to prove that they can't afford the higher rate which their workers demand, and it is up to the Government to plan for the future so that there can be no alibi for those who may argue that the rise was only justified by the abnormal wartime conditions.

Paid by Cheque

A sixty-two-year-old Sussex roadman altered the amount of his fortnightly pay cheque the other day. The cheque was for £5 18s. 5d.—£2 19s. 2½d. a week for a man with a large family. It was very reprehensible of the roadman to alter the cheque. Was it less so for the authorities at Lewes County Hall to send out such a niggardly amount?

Money for Nothing

Talking of cheques, a North Midlands tradesman had one for £25 from the County Allocation Depot with a note to say it was payment for two pigs.

He returned the cheque, saying there was a mistake as he hadn't sold any pigs. Back came £25 and a statement that everything was in order. It was returned, and came back yet again with a rather curt note. But the note was not so curt as the tradesman's when he posted the money back for the third time. He hadn't kept pigs for twenty years.

More Work, Less Pay

A London woman was evacuated to Wigan with her six-year-old child. She couldn't live on her Army allowance of £2 18s. 6d. a week and got a job.

She did not think it unreasonable when 8s. billeting allowance, which she had received for two weeks, was stopped in view of her new job.

Favoured Few

But what she did (and does) think unreasonable is that a friend whose husband has a very well-paid post in London still gets the 8s. allowance.

It seems that a woman who has to go out to work cannot get the Government money; one who's well off enough to do nothing all day qualifies for the addition to her income.

Unofficial Ban

Down in Southern England a gunner in the Royal Artillery went to a café for a meal. He says he saw a notice announcing that the proprietor did not wish the place to be used by members of "the Polish Air Force, the Norwegian Air Force, the Royal Artillery, or other disorderly units."

Surely this was a thoughtless joke played by some Serviceman? But it should be looked into by the authorities, nevertheless.

They'd Like to Know

Thirty-six soldiers of the 14th Army who have been in the jungle for two years without a break have a question for Sir James Grigg, Secretary of State for War. They want to know why they should have been asked questions about the recognition of German soldiers, German equipment and aircraft and then told they'd lose their sergeants' stripes because they couldn't answer.

They also want to know why they've been told they'll have to go back to Burma though they're quite willing to go to France.

Common-Sense

We should have thought all the answers were simple enough. What's the use of sergeants on the continent who know all there is to know about the Japanese and little about the Germans?

It's been made clear often enough on this page that JOHN BULL has no sympathy with unreasonable grousing. The thirty-six soldiers of the 14th Army don't seem to have a leg to stand on.

Out of Reach

The water situation in Northampton has been very serious. We hear that a whole street has had to get its supply from one tap; that factories have been without water; and that the milk supply has been affected because of the difficulty of washing bottles.

Residents feel that all sorts of questions ought to be asked. Some would normally have been dealt with by their Conservative Member of Parliament. But he is serving the country in Australia. He should make this his first job when he returns in a few months' time.

First in the Field

MURDER OF A BRAIN CHILD

THE scene is a dingy room in St. Étienne, a suburb of Paris, in the year 1830. About the room lie the tools of trade of a poor tailor.

But the centrepiece is a clumsy, intricate contraption, built from salvaged wood and old iron, in front of which stands the little tailor himself, Barthelemy Thimmonier, trembling with suppressed excitement.

It is his brain child. Into it he has put everything but money, of which he has none. And he is about to submit it to its first test. It is the crucial moment of his life.

His quivering fingers insert two pieces of rough cloth into its maws, and it starts into clanking motion.

A moment later the little tailor is executing a wild dance of joy.

The scene shifts to a bigger building in Paris eleven years later. The little tailor now has eighty of his contrivances and is making clothing for the army.

Into the building pours an ignorant and furious mob, wrecking all the precious gear and nearly murdering the little tailor himself.

Another sixteen years pass, and the scene comes full circle to a small, dingy room in which Barthelemy Thimmonier lies dying, friendless and unrewarded by a world to which he had contributed the first practical sewing machine.

P. S.

Food for Thought

Seldom has a Minister put up such a feeble show as the Minister of Food in his attempt to explain the beer shortage. Colonel Llewellin chatters ineffectually about the flying bombs interfering with labour, about people drinking more, and about big supplies going to the troops overseas.

Soldiers, Say : : :

It would be difficult to see how people could drink more when the stuff isn't there. And as for the needs of the troops . . . well, we've just had a letter from across the Channel signed by more than a dozen soldiers. More supplies for us? (they say) a lot of tripe and eye-wash.

Restricted Help

From a Hampshire hospital comes an appeal from a reader who has been in bed for eighteen months with a tubercular knee-joint. He recalls that when T.B. began so seriously to increase early in the war, the Government started a scheme of allowances to help patients to give up their work and get well. But this financial help was restricted to patients whose lungs were affected.

Spread the Allowance

Our correspondent asks (and we agree with him wholeheartedly) that the Government help should be extended to the thousands of people whose lungs are sound but who are affected in legs, arms or skin.

For them thoughts of the continued hardship of their dependents still hinders a speedy cure.

Not Much Hope

A lot of shipyard and munitions workers in the Clydebank area have little faith in any Government housing plan. They lost their homes in the blitzes of 1941 and have been "temporarily billeted" in towns as far as thirty miles away. They are still there.

These men are forced to make a sixty-mile journey daily to and from work because, after three and a half years, the authorities have failed to provide the housing that was promised.

Knowing

"Bomber pilot requires cottage. South area. Urgent. Write Box ——."

We hope there have been a lot of sympathetic replies to that daily paper advertisement.

Civil Defence Pay

When Mr. Herbert Morrison speaks at the "March of Liberty" music festival at Belle Vue Gardens, Manchester, on Sunday afternoon, September 3, he should receive extra cheers from Civil Defence workers for the pay increases recently granted to them.

The Civil Defence workers of Southern England will not grudge the same increases to their less hard pressed Northern colleagues. In fact, they are full of gratitude to the many volunteers who have come south to help them in their battle against the flying bomb.

Everybody's Books

We recently commented on the fact that "Everybody's Books" of London, W.C.2, was selling rebound copies of Penguin volumes at 1s. 6d., and suggested that this represented an unusually high margin of profit.

We were wrong. The firm has now given us facilities for inspecting figures covering the rebinding costs and other overheads involved, and has satisfied us fully in this respect. We hasten, therefore, to remove a wrong impression.

Don't Let Any Nazis Escape This Way!

QUICK as the Allies were in the Riviera, a number of alert quislings were quicker. They beat it inland—*en route* for Liechtenstein and Europe's last accommodating sanctuary.

Up in the north rueful Nazis must wish they had adopted Liechtenstein nationality—as some of the astute higher-ups have already done.

★ ★ ★

The German-speaking monarchy of Liechtenstein keeps its watch on the Rhine but remains neutral.

In its toy capital, Vaduz, the streets are agleam with the brass plates of over forty lawyers who do a brisk business turning Nazis into neutrals, transforming tax dodgers into honest financiers and camouflaging international cartels.

On their files are such names as Gussie Henkell, Ribbentrop's brother-in-law; Adolf Wagner, Bavarian gauleiter; Otto Stinnes, Franz Opel, and even Himmler.

One Vaduz solicitor said four years ago that he represented over 2,000 German companies and had helped to naturalise between 300 and 500 German visitors.

Allied economists, determined to make the Axis disgorge its loot, are going to have a tough time tracing the German funds salted away throughout the world *via* Liechtenstein holding-companies.

Juridical experts of the War Crimes Commission are gravely exercised over this Puritanian riddle on the Swiss-German border.

Constitutionally, the Liechtensteiners are answerable only to their ruler, German-born Prince Franz Josef I. They make their own laws. And the Prime Minister, Dr. Joseph Hoop, has written a handbook to make sure they are thoroughly understood by all possible clients.

Among other items, anyone can obtain Liechtenstein naturalisation papers for costs of less than £200—and anyone can found a joint stock company, without another stockholder and without act of publication.

This enables subsidiary companies to be formed in all parts of the world.

Roosevelt and his anti-trust busters know that a capital of £2,000,000,000 is thus invested in Liechtenstein holdings!

★ ★ ★

The Liechtensteiners don't care. Thanks to naturalisation and company fees, they live free of income tax. They take care, too, not to take a census to reveal the amazing boost in their population.

For them it's time the good days ended.

H. A.

POCKETS OF RESISTANCE

WITHOUT FEAR OR FAVOUR

★

By THE EDITOR

At a low estimate it costs £12,500 to kill an enemy at the front.

Dead Nazis may be cheap at the price, but, as a caustic reader pointed out last week, our old-age pensioners are expected to live on a weekly pittance of a few shillings.

And unmarried Servicemen of the lowest rank, having been blinded or otherwise totally disabled while fighting so that the rest of us may live in peace and freedom, are pensioned off at 40s. a week.

They will have to live a long time before their grateful country has doled out to them even a quarter of £12,500!

The same sort of wicked contrast between the cost of killing Germans and the present cost to the community of keeping alive men and women who have served us is shown up by every form of State pension—to the poor.

Thus, a single woman, smitten with some grievous disease contracted while she has been making the tools of victory, is paid only 18s. a week sick benefit.

But Cabinet Ministers and judges, permanent Civil Servants, and numberless high officials in central or local government, have sick leave on full pay, and can usually look forward to retiring on about two-thirds of their maximum salary.

JOHN BULL does not grudge security and a decent pension to any good public servant, but it bitterly resents the insecurity and poverty in which millions of the unprivileged have lived so long.

Remember the meagre "dole," which—our official apologists declared—was all we could "afford" to pay the unemployed during the Great Slump.

Remember the humiliation of the Means Test—that refinement of national avarice, which bereft the workless of self-respect just at the moment when their long-enforced idleness had almost robbed them of hope.

This heartless treatment of "the common man" need never have happened.

We must see to it that it shall never happen again.

With high-sounding phrases, the leaders of the United Nations have told the world that, when victory is won, "the century of the common man" will begin.

But, so far, the declaration has not been followed up by large-scale action. We are living socially behind the Maginot Mind. And, in its present stage, the campaign for social security seems "phoney."

Britain needs a new sense of values. She must put the welfare of the many before the privilege of the few.

But the many, who *are* beginning to assess values by this standard, will have to work for the changes they desire—and vote for them!

Most people, we believe, would not object to high taxation if they knew the taxes were being well spent. They would be willing to pay their individual share towards the social security of their poorer fellow-citizens.

But the Old Brigade is adamant in its opposition to social reform. The High Command of Property and Privilege preaches the virtues of "sturdy independence" among the masses—which it is determined to keep dependent upon itself.

Sir Waldron Smithers, Tory M.P. for Chislehurst, member of the London Stock Exchange and acting secretary of the £1,000,000 Fighting Fund for Freedom, is not alone in regarding the Beveridge Scheme and almost every other proposed reform as "temptations of the devil."

Sir Waldron quotes the Bible to support his preposterous case. He says: "Seek ye first the kingdom of God," and goes on to argue:

"It is treason to preach that Christianity does not still teach 'Seek first,' but is now more worthily occupied with Beveridge Reports, free meals, family allowances, strikes, social reform, an international Monetary Fund, and Employment and Health White Papers."

To judge by Sir Waldron and his precious "Freedom Fund," it would be anti-Christian to support any measure of social reform. He and his friends evidently want to go back to pre-war conditions.

But when the fate of the country was in jeopardy and these islands were threatened with Nazi domination—a tyranny which even the rich recognised as something worse than "socialism"—Property and Privilege dared not put such reactionary views into plain words.

Even now many of Sir Waldron's sympathisers are shy of making their real views public. They prefer to talk of individual "liberty and independence"—and to hint at the terrible poverty, which, they say, this country is bound to suffer after winning the war.

JOHN BULL denies emphatically that Britain need accept post-war poverty. We are certain she can emerge from the war richer in *real* wealth—manpower, experience and technical efficiency—than when she entered upon it.

Given a sensible post-war policy for home and international trade, there should be no need to worry unduly about the cost of Social Security.

Indeed, by raising the standard of living we should automatically promote a demand for goods of all kinds.

Semi-starvation for the pensioner, the ex-Service man, the sick and the aged is not only un-Christian; it is uneconomic. No country can save anything by such niggardliness. There is no extravagance so costly as the extravagant sacrifice of the common man's well-being.

The Allied nations are advancing on every field of battle by by-passing "pockets of resistance." This gains time, but, in the social as well as the military sense, no permanent victory can be won until the resisting "pockets" have been mopped up.

On then, to the mopping up of every selfish pocket!

Will Germans Fight Germans?

He will fight to the en

DO not underestimate those clashes between soldiers of the Wehrmacht and members of Hitler's S.S. Black Guard.

They may have a profound bearing on future military and political events. The repercussions will come when the final battle of Germany is joined.

They reveal a split in the structure of Nazidom, which may develop into an irreparable break.

In the Wehrmacht you have the mass of German soldiers, recruited into the army from civilian life with families and homes to think of. In the Black Guard you have professionals with no other interest than war and victory.

* * *

It is a division which Hitler himself created when he realised that the ordinary German would not conform to his Herrenvolk standard. But there are hardly a million of these élite Guards against over 60,000,000 ordinary Germans.

And whether these ordinary Germans are Nazis or not, whether they are "good" or "bad," they begrudge the S.S. their privileges on the home and battle fronts, their better pay, their more efficient armaments, their higher social standards, their authority over life and death of their fellow-Germans.

The latent antagonism was sharpened on the battlefields when both Wehrmacht soldiers and S.S. men were equally in danger of death.

As the German armies retreat towards the frontiers of the Reich, the ranks of the S.S. will be swelled by about 3,000,000 Nazi officials with the right to wear uniform—which will soon become an obligation.

* * *

But the 5,000,000 odd German soldiers of the Wehrmacht will be joined by the bulk of home-front workers who dislike the S.S. as much as they do.

It is an unequal proposition. On the one hand you may have 4,000,000 last-ditch defenders to whom Germany without Hitler means nothing: men who will lose their jobs, their weapons, their influence, maybe their lives.

On the other hand, you have the Wehrmacht and the mass of the people, with a will to survive whatever happens.

After eleven years of Hitler rule it is almost impossible to differentiate between Nazis and non-Nazis. But here, in the conflict between the Wehrmacht and their civilian friends on the one side, and the last-ditch Nazis on the other, you have a cleavage which cannot be overlooked.

It is a break which may well settle the fate of Germany. We may yet see the ordinary German people fighting against the S.S. Black Guard as fiercely as the French patriots fought against their own quislings.

WILLI FRISCHAUER.

Too Much Profit on the Portal Houses

Criticisms of the Portal steel bungalow have been many.
espite the smallness of its rooms, it
uires a lot of land for the accom-
dation it provides. Even the Minis-
of Health admits that it is
etrably sub-standard in external
earance." And so on.
ut one highly important point has
ived remarkably little attention—
price.
et us examine the matter.

★ ★ ★

he cost of a Portal house will be
ut £550—exclusive of land.
he total weight of steel used in its
nufacture will be some five tons.
apparently the nation will have to pay nearly £100 for a ton of steel, allowing a reasonable margin for labour costs on the building site.

Now, that is a high price. A record price. A price never before approached in normal industry.

Perhaps it will also yield record profits.

Indeed, the figures quoted suggest a profit of some £200 on every Portal house!

As the Government proposes to build 300,000 of them in the first two years after the war, the vested interests concerned should reap one of the most golden windfalls in our history.

It may be, of course, that these approximate figures are open to correction. If so, the correction will be welcome.

But at the moment the lips of officialdom are sealed; the public has not been told the extent of the bill it will have to meet—or the profit that will be made by a few firms because of the public needs.

★ ★ ★

This secrecy should be ended at once, for the Government is intent on rushing into law the Housing (Temporary Accommodation) Bill when the House of Commons reassembles.

And it is only fair that taxpayers should know in advance just how much money they will have to pour into private pockets.

J. E. T.

OPEN LETTERS

Rt. Hon. Col. LLEWELLIN,
Minister of Food

DEAR COLONEL LLEWELLIN,—Sometimes men in high places, even Cabinet Ministers, complain that the criticisms levelled against them are always destructive, never constructive.

In which case I commend to you the remarks of Mr. William J. Merson, Provost of Buckie, Banffshire, in connection with the herring glut.

The Provost pointed out that 110 of the 160 boats that comprise the North Scotland herring fishery fleet took their catches into one port—Fraserburgh. The result—shore staffs there overwhelmed with work, while similar staffs in the neighbouring harbours of Peterhead, Macduff, Buckie, and Wick were virtually idle because there was little to handle.

Here is the Provost's advice, and I suggest that your Department should act on it, because it comes from a man who knows what he's talking about.

Fraserburgh can handle the catches of sixty boats. Then send sixty boats there.

On a similar basis, give Buckie thirty-five, Peterhead thirty, Macduff twenty-five, and Wick twenty. There would then be no glut as there was when 110 boats put into Fraserburgh.

In other words, give the fishermen a lead and a direction and a control *from a national point of view*, just as the miners and aircraft workers are guided.

It is your job to ensure that the people are as well fed as the exigencies of war permit.

There can be no excuse for letting herrings rot when all that is needed is a little organisation and common-sense to ensure that they go into the nation's food chest.

Don't you agree?—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. HUGH DALTON,
President, Board of Trade

DEAR MR. DALTON,—It pleases me to learn that the question of the disposal of Government surplus material after the war is being tackled, even though at present it is being approached in a comparatively small way.

Yet it is something that family cars now being used by the Services will be reconditioned and guaranteed by the manufacturers before being put up for sale to the public.

This move will prevent a repetition of the scandal after the last war, when profiteers exploited the public right and left.

They paid give-away prices for surplus material and got away with profits which in some cases ran into thousands per cent.

But, so far, apart from textiles, this is the only reference I have seen in connection with the surplus this time.

Isn't it time to begin to plan seriously what is going to happen to all these millions of pounds' worth of goods?

The easy money merchants, those parasites who have never produced a thing in their lives, and whose god is the motto "Buy cheap and sell dear," are already crowing over the prospect of victory.

They would like a free hand. They would like auctions where their "ring" could control prices. And they would like no restrictions on what they could charge the public.

But, if the prices of cars can be pegged, so can the prices of everything which the Government has for disposal.

A maximum retail selling price for these goods should be fixed so that the would-be profiteers are beaten before they have even started.—JOHN BULL.

General Patton believes in moving fast

General GEORGE S. PATTON, Jnr.,
Commanding U.S. Third Army

DEAR GENERAL,—We waited a long time for the news that you were back in the fighting line. And what grand news it was when it came!

The Germans were on the run and your tanks were chasing them in all directions.

They call you "Blood and Guts," and they tell many stories about your temper, your severity, your hardness. But however hard you drive those fast-moving, victorious men of yours, you drive yourself harder.

You are the armour-plated general.

You believe in speed, in the sacred value of time. If the enemy breaks and runs, you run faster. If there is an objective to be gained in a certain time, that objective must be taken.

The way your tanks moved north and west after the war in Normandy lost its static immobility and became one of fluid operations made the military experts gasp.

Damme, General, you broke all the rules of the game, going ahead so quickly without waiting and pausing and considering, and having staff talks and conferences.

Your dash and leadership, and, above all, your brilliant ability to exploit the changing flux of modern mechanised warfare, justify completely General Eisenhower's faith in you.

We have rejoiced that he had that faith. Because there were critics—and every successful general has them—who would have liked to have seen you returned home.

Instead, you are becoming as legendary a figure as our own Montgomery. Keep 'em moving, General!—JOHN BULL.

Mr. EDWARD H. SYMONDS,
President, British Fashions and Fabrics Bureau

DEAR SIR,—Forgive, first, a personal question: Are you married? If you are, does Mrs. Symonds agree with your statement that "The high spot of women's fashions immediately after the war will be an immediate return to evening dress"? This, you think, symbolises the romance of life for a woman.

It strikes me, then, that hundreds of thousands of women have never worn "the symbol of a high romance." But let that pass.

Perhaps I know more of what women will think about first when the war is over.

Stockings, decent, wearable and wearing, fully-fashioned stockings, and—shush—corsets.

Corsets that are a help to the body and do not wrinkle and annoy; corsets that are a sure foundation for the romance of the evening dress; corsets that will not be bedraggled and in pieces in a week or two.

That's what Mrs. J.B. tells me.

And the way she has cursed the utility corset and the war time stockings is nobody's business, not even mine.

I agree with you that women will want bright, fascinating clothes in the post-war years.

The ladies have had a pretty thin time, and they deserve all the frills and finery they can get.

But first things come first. And they'll want, before frocks, the essentials without which those frocks are unattractive.

Ask the women themselves.—JOHN BULL.

Rt. Hon. LORD WOOLTON,
Minister of Reconstruction

MY LORD,—As the war's end approaches at typhoon speed, anxiety increases on the Clyde and the Tyne.

It is justifiable anxiety. Because our shipbuilding programme is ahead of schedule, workers are being temporarily "stood off." And shipowners are not ordering new vessels because they do not know what post-war trade they will have.

So men's minds are going back to the heartbreaking days between the two wars, when the derricks towered gaunt and idle against the skyline for months and years on end, and when I saw in Newcastle fine craftsmen whose feet were literally bleeding from the daily trudge in search of non-existent jobs.

It will happen again unless the problems of peace are mastered before the peace has begun.

In many of our industries to-day—not only shipbuilding—there is uncertainty. Everywhere workers are asking "What is going to happen to me in the coming years?"

The Government cannot give them a ready-made answer. I recognise that industry will have to help itself by planning its own future.

But the plans cannot be prepared until Government policy is clear. And that in turn must rest upon decisions affecting world trade as a whole.

There have been international conferences, yes. There have been laudable recommendations. But so little action has been taken even to augment accepted recommendations.

If your hopes of building a new and more stable Britain are to be realised, you will have to press for decisions that will enable the blueprints to be drawn up.—JOHN BULL.

"You Can Talk of Gin and Beer"

ARGUE IT OUT

★

By PALLAS

A COLLEAGUE of mine visiting the Normandy battle front was exceptionally well received and treated by U.S. fighter pilots operating from an advance landing strip.

But, alas, the mess had run out of liquor and the weather was hot and the strip dusty. So a trip was made to a town liberated by the British.

There, by dint of much persuasive talk, the war correspondent was able to buy a bottle of gin or whisky for every pilot in the mess; and the jeep returned in triumph with a cargo of 195 bottles.

★ ★ ★

No one will grouse about that. Those American pilots were under mortar fire; yet they were flying six, seven and eight strafing missions a day.

They got their liquor at a cost of 2s. 6d. for Scotch and 6s. 6d. for gin—the same price charged to British officers.

What puzzles and angers me—and many millions besides—is that while officers get liquor relieved of much of the Excise Duty, our men are called upon to pay 1s. 5d. for a pint and a third of bottled beer—the same price as at home.

I shall withhold comment on the obvious inference that spirits are not for the private. Perhaps, he, being regarded as an inferior animal, is assumed to be unable to carry his liquor, while the officer drinks like a gentleman—whatever that phrase may mean.

But I cannot refrain from asking just where that equality we hear so much about comes in?"

Let the underpaid Tommy be socked right and left; let him pay through the nose for beer, when he can get it; let N.A.A.F.I., with its £40,000,000 a year profits, look after the dividends!

Kipling's famous line: "You can talk of gin and beer," takes on a new and insidious meaning to-day: one that the champion of Britain's fighting men could never have visualised.

★ ★ ★

Remember the old bugle rhyme? "The officers' wives get pudding and pie, The privates' wives get skilly"?

To the devil with all this and with the blundering brasshats, who emphasise their stupid inequalities between officers and men even to the fields where soldiers are fighting and dying for the equal rights of man.

The people responsible for this insensate and preferential treatment of officers should be put on bread and water for a month; and then to dull with a raging thirst on to a bottle

Pathfinders of the Paratroops

By JOHN CASHEL

Some load!

TWENTY past midnight. . . . The first men in the British invasion army to set foot in France were dropping from a moonlit, cloud-flecked sky.

They were paratroop pathfinders of the Airbornes, drifting down on three DZs, as they call their dropping zones.

One sergeant, dropping on the DZ nearest to the famous Orne bridge, saw his major struggling to open the trapdoor in the floor of the 'plane, while the rest of the men with heavy kitbags strapped to their legs, waited to jump.

Each of those bags weighed about 80 pounds—more than two-thirds of a hundredweight and eight times the weight of a portable typewriter—without counting fighting equipment. Some load!

Having the bag strapped to a leg, and releasing it on its lowering cord during the drop so that it swung clear of the man, was the only safe way of jumping.

Nevertheless, the sergeant unstrapped his to get to the assistance of the major grappling with the door. Before he could reach him the major had fallen out, and was not seen again.

The sergeant hadn't time to restrap his bag. Perilously he jumped, grimly grasping the 80 pounds with his hands as best he could.

WITHOUT A SCRATCH

He lowered it on its cord till it dangled correctly twelve feet beneath him after his chute opened. But the slipstream swung him and the bag round and spun them like a top down to earth.

In his harness spun the extra weight of a Sten gun and bayonet, a .45 pistol, eight Sten magazines holding thirty-two rounds each, a fighting knife, and in a pocket of his fighting smock washing kit, razor, towel, shirt, two pairs of socks, "housewife" and a cardigan.

These paratroops envy commandos, who travel light!

The spinning sergeant with his load had a hazy recollection of missing a tree by 25 yards and avoiding by less than that one of the wooden piles embedded in the ground to prevent a landing—piles so huge that when later they were blown it took six men to carry one of them.

Dimly he picked himself up, miraculously without a scratch.

With the moon behind a cloud he could see about thirty yards. Seven of his party—another turned up later—had dropped near him.

Ripping off his harness, he grabbed from inside his bag his equipment, packed in pouches, which he strapped round him so that he could carry them quickly.

BLEW THE BRIDGE

The sergeant's party or "stick" soon had its huge T of lamps, mounted on tripods, lighting up the ground. It was 75 yards across and 75 yards down, and could be seen for miles.

Two hundred yards from the bottom of it a code letter in slow Morse was flashed to the incoming pilots with their Airbornes, telling them: "This is your DZ."

British science and its airborne application, thought the sergeant, took some beating.

Tracer bullets from a "Jerry" machine-gun post whipped by as the Pathfinders fixed up their landing aids. They hit no one and stopped after five minutes. The defending paratroop detachment had come down and seen to that.

"Annihilated!" said Goebbels of these first paratroops. It was the Germans who were annihilated.

The sergeant stumbled across some at the machine-gun post and others doing patrol on bicycles.

He heard one motor-cyclist, racing past, crash and yell, louder than he'd ever heard anyone yell before. He'd ridden into a neck-high wire strung across his path. His screams ended with a deathly silence.

It was broken by the detonations of explosives as sapper parachutists with prepared charges blew the wooden obstacles, which paratroops carried away till two lanes were cleared for their battalions and the gliders to land in.

The odd error crept in. An R.E. officer and two sappers, whose job was to blow the vital 'Troarn bridge several miles away, were dropped on the DZ by mistake.

They grabbed a jeep, raced it through the "Jerry" countryside, and blew the bridge all right.

A misplaced group of Pathfinders worked so fast that they were sending out the wrong signal before they could be stopped, and the wrong half battalion of paratroops landed on the DZ. But with perfect timing and precision the main plan worked.

In one of the cleared glider lanes the sergeant and the others with their lamps helped down the battalions and the gliders. A duplicate "stick" did the same in the other lane.

The sergeant saw a glider, hit by flak, burst into flames in the air. But he never saw one wrecked by a crash when landing and few even damaged.

At dawn he was surprised to meet General Gale, commander of the 6th Airbornes, mixing in the thick of it with the chaps and asking: "How are you getting on?" He'd come down with the first gliders without waiting for the main force.

When later they arrived after the parachute sappers had blown four more lanes to receive them, it was "Jerry" who got the surprise as the big Hamilcars touched down with 11-ton tanks and guns of various calibres up to the famous 17-pounders!

For a week the sergeant's "stick" helped to get supplies down. Then they fought as paratroops in defence of the Division's H.Q

Later the sergeant was one of eight who, with their acting captain, raced across a field under fire to raid the German line for information.

Their fire-power must have made the "Jerries'" eyes water—three Brens fired from the hips, six Stens, with plastic-explosive grenades invented by a paratroop officer which threw all their blast forward so that the raiders could safely race on behind them.

The nine Airbornes expected to meet a German platoon. They found a company of over a hundred. They killed thirty, took three prisoners; the rest ran.

Their own captain was wounded mortally—they carried him back to their line—and one man slightly so.

FIGHTING STRONG

Eight weeks to the day after he'd jumped with his 80-lb. load in his hands, the sergeant was laying a trip-flare to trap a German patrol when a mortar bomb made him the fourth casualty—one missing, three wounded—of his "stick" of ten up to that time.

The duplicate group had three killed, one wounded: he was the company's sergeant-major, a North African veteran who'd parachuted down on France with an old leg wound "you could put your fist in."

Of the sixty originals, twenty-eight men were still fighting strong eight weeks later.

It takes longer than Goebbels thinks to annihilate paratroop Pathfinders. Even though they were the first over!

Glad Hand for the G.I. Brides

MORE than 6,000 British girls have become the brides of American Servicemen. In American slang they are "G.I. brides"—G.I. being the U.S. equivalent of Tommy Atkins.

Most of these marriages have taken place in the first half of this year—before the G.I. bridegrooms went overseas on D-Day.

Between the girl saying "Yes" to the American soldier's proposal of marriage and her "I will" at the altar or register office, there is a minimum wait of two months and a whole series of formalities to be gone through.

An American soldier marries without the consent of his colonel only at the risk of severe penalties.

The American authorities are by no means opposed to the projection of lease-lend into the matrimonial business. But a lot of illegal or unsuitable marriages would be detrimental to discipline and result in great unhappiness after the war. So every precaution is taken to avoid them.

★ ★ ★

Colonel William R. Hoffenbecker, Deputy Chief Chaplain of the U.S. Forces in Britain, has visited the families of scores of prospective G.I. brides, explaining the technicalities and generally making sure that all is well.

In nine cases out of ten there are no real difficulties. And these inquiries and formalities probably do much good apart from avoiding legal pitfalls. They make it difficult for couples to get married impulsively.

You have to be fond of each other to see the formalities through. Waiting means making sure. Thus some of the dangers of "war weddings" are avoided.

One of the brides

It would be a safe bet that the percentage of G.I. brides who have a really happy married life is higher than average.

U.S. chaplains cannot marry couples in this country. If the G.I. bride wants a military wedding—and quite a number do—she must be married first at the registrar's office in accordance with British law, and then have the religious ceremony conducted by the soldier-bridegroom's chaplain in the Command church.

In the great majority of cases, the G.I. brides are going back to America with their husbands when the war is over. But marrying an American citizen does not give a British girl American citizenship. And becoming a naturalised American is something more than a formality.

Apart from "quotas" which regulate the flow of immigrants, the bride wishing to become an American like her husband must live in the U.S. for at least one year after filing her application—an ordinary person must wait five years.

It is probable the way will be made smooth for G.I. brides by a special immigration quota. But they will still have the waiting period.

Moreover, U.S. naturalisation laws require the applicant to have some knowledge of American ways and political institutions, and she may be questioned on this.

The U.S. authorities are doing a great deal to prepare the G.I. brides for life in their new country. The American Red Cross has a special department answering questions for them.

★ ★ ★

The brides get a small book called "How America Lives," which tells them all the little things about their future home which they may need to know. They learn about American ways of running a house, cooking, clothes, and so on.

Actually, many girls have already been partly "educated" in these matters by innumerable Hollywood films. At the Rainbow Corner Services' Club, G.I. brides in London get the chance of learning at first hand about their husbands' home towns from speakers and pictures.

One thing seems certain. The brides are going to get a great welcome in their new country.

They have already had enthusiastic letters welcoming them into the family. At least one has had an American wedding cake—made by her future mother-in-law in Washington and sent over just in time for the wedding in Birmingham.

It is not only in Britain that American soldiers are finding brides.

Recently it was announced that 1,000 Australian girls with 200 babies have arrived in the U.S.A. to await their husbands' return. And there are another 9,000 Australian brides of U.S. soldiers waiting to go to their new country.

CURTISS HAMILTON.

Look Beyond the

★ Is world peace an impossible ideal, or is it an attainable goal? It is in the hearts of men that the answer must be found

By A. G. Gardiner

THE sixth year of the war has begun. On the first of September, 1939, Hitler launched his attack on Poland. Two days later Britain and France took up the challenge and the Second World War opened.

Now the end is in sight. It may be a question of weeks, of days. The criminal power that set out to conquer Europe and possess the earth is in its death agonies, caught in a noose of steel whose stranglehold tightens on it remorselessly day by day, hour by hour.

As we watch those death-throes, two emotions are uppermost in our minds—gratitude for our deliverance, anxiety as to the permanence of that deliverance.

Twice in thirty years the freedom of the world has been in deadly peril. Twice it has escaped as by a miracle.

After the first escape we believed that, at a great price, we had made "the world safe for democracy." The phrase on all tongues was "Never again," and we instituted Armistice Day as the symbol of a world set free from the terrors of war.

We are less confident to-day. World War 1 proved to be only the prologue to World War 2. And as it nears its end we ask, in the light of experience, whether that, too, is a mirage.

Is it a final victory of the human spirit over its age-long enemy, the spirit of war, or is it only the prologue to World War 3?

Is world peace an impossible ideal or is it an attainable goal?

The destiny of mankind is bound up with the answer.

* * *

The talks which are taking place at Washington between Britain, the Soviet Union and U.S.A. are concerned with finding the answer. In that quest we all have our part to play. For it is in the hearts of men that the answer must be found.

If the will to peace as the master motive of mankind is to prevail, the public opinion of the world must be mobilised to make it prevail. This has been a people's war. The peace must be a people's peace.

The keynote was struck at Washington when Mr. Cordell Hull said that we must have the same unity in peace as in war.

Why did we lose the last peace? Because when victory was won, we all fell asunder. America returned to isolationism. Russia became isolated.

A PLAGUE OF SELF-SUFFICING NATIONALISM SEIZED THE WORLD. IT WAS EVERYONE FOR HIMSELF AND THE DEVIL TAKE THE HINDMOST.

Germany exploited this disunity. She had a policy—war. She was left to pursue it unhindered.

And the war came on a world at sixes and sevens. Only by a miracle have we been saved. Only by the recovery of world unity is Nazi Germany now writhing in its death-throes.

The right to enjoy such scenes as this can only be earned by hard work and hard thinking

The lesson is imperative. The cohesion that has given us victory in the war can alone secure us victory in the peace. The world is one—for good or evil, for order or chaos, for freedom or tyranny, for war or peace.

We must hang together or we shall be hanged separately. We must hang together, or World War 3 will assuredly come.

It follows from this that we must all think in world terms. For without world security there is no security for anybody, either individual or nation, either now or hereafter.

All our politics must be subordinated to this imperious fact. All our domestic politics must take account of it. All our party politics, our economic schemes, our financial devices must be governed by it.

Have we learned the lesson, and if so can we implement its moral? Can we organise world security? The omens are good. America will not desert the peace again. Soviet Russia is wholeheartedly with us.

France and Italy, we may assume, have learned wisdom through shame and suffering and all the nations of Europe know that their own security, freedom and independence must be underwritten by world security.

THESE ARE ALL ASSURANCES THAT THE CATASTROPHE OF VERSAILLES WILL NOT BE REPEATED. BUT HASTE IS URGENT. THE SPEED WITH WHICH THE WAR IS RUSHING TO ITS CLOSE MAY OUTSTRIP THE PREPARATIONS FOR PEACE.

The talks at Washington are only exploratory, designed to discover the terms on which the Moscow Declaration of last November can be given effect.

The findings of those talks cannot be finally considered and ratified by the Big Three until after the Presidential election in November. And where will Germany be in November?

This emphasises the wisdom of not hurrying the peace conference as was done in 1919. The Armistice term should be more prolonged, and the temporary Armistice conditions should be ready now.

* * *

The final Instrument of Peace, which will define the structure of the future World Order, cannot be drawn up until all the United Nations have been consulted. But certain basic ideas should be clarified without delay.

Let us frankly realise, all of us, that if this Peace is to last, if there is to be no World War 3, we have all to surrender something, the great no less than the small. The sovereignty of the parts must be subject to the sovereignty of the whole.

We are setting out on the greatest adventure in human history and we must dare to be bold, to take risks, to make sacrifices. We are planning for the future of the whole world, and we "cannot ope the Future's portals with the Past's blood-rusted key."

The organisation we set up must be open to all—even, after due cleansing, to our enemies. All international agreements should be registered with it and all international differences should be subject to its law.

The devil of militarism in all its forms must be kept at bay. No military alliances

These Books Make News

Give Us Pe

RUGGED and massive the castle looks down on the one street of wooden houses. There are granite steps leading up to the main hall. There are cloisters, a rose garden and an old well.

On a drowsy summer afternoon, you can slip back down the centuries, in this ancient city of Sigtuna.

But miraculously you can also go forward. For in this city, sometime capital of Sweden, one of the most exciting experiments in modern education is going forward to-day, an experiment which has yet to reach its peak.

★ ★ ★

They call it the Folkhogskola—a College for the People. It does not concern youngsters starting out on their schooling. It concerns "adults" who may be anything from eighteen to twenty-one years of age, who have gone out into the world after an elementary education, and come to grips with life.

They may have held down several jobs. They may suddenly have realised that there were many and wonderful fields barred to them—because they lacked the necessary education.

And in Sweden it was possible for them to go back to school once more, to develop their educational equipment enormously, and then start out all over again.

Many of them came to the old city of Sigtuna, to the and its lovely grou they lived and stu roundings.

They were old e the value of know feel the life behin excitements of sc more practical stu a new enthusias business of educat

This college doe come to evening c day's work. It is where the student occasionally make all, learn.

Young men and in residence for They need very li summer course a ing board and lod £1 a week.

But that is only experiment in e means limited to and her three Sc bours have no les tial colleges for t ing man, with a 12,000 students Sweden alone.

But Britain, a country, has only this kind, with ro a year. And their much higher.

A five months' People's College, roughly £13.

War . . .

etween powers must be sanctioned, for mili-ry alliances mean competition in arma-ents, inevitable aggression, inevitable war.

War between States will be forbidden, and he exercise of force will rest solely with the ollective police authority and will be used nly to suppress force and secure the bservance of the law.

It was one of the chief causes of the ailure of the League of Nations—and there-ore of World War 2—that it had no power to mpose the sanction of force. That folly will ot be repeated.

* * *

This question of the application of dis-nterested force will be the crucial test of the ig Three. Russia, Britain and America will merge from the war with an armaments upremacy unequalled in history. On sea, on nd and in the air they will be omnipotent s no nation has ever been before.

It will be for them to show that the tlantic Charter and the Moscow Declaration re not "scraps of paper," but the solemn rmations of nations called to save the reedom of mankind from destruction and esolved that the great peril they are averting hall never recur.

THEY, MORE THAN ALL OTHERS, WILL HAVE THE POWER TO LEAD THE WORLD OUT OF THE BLOOD-STAINED PAST INTO A FUTURE IN WHICH WAR SHALL ONLY BE A HIDEOUS MEMORY AND LAW AND JUSTICE SHALL BE THE SOLE ARBITERS OF HUMAN FATE OVER ALL THE EARTH.

ple's Colleges Here!

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somewhat similar college in Britain, Coleg Harlech, costs £75.

Sigtuna in Sweden is one of the more expensive colleges—£26-£30 for five months. But Newbattle Abbey in this country runs to £100 for eight months.

True, the cost of living in Sweden before the war was slightly lower than in England, but that only explains away a small part of the difference between these fees.

★ ★ ★

In her deeply interesting book—*School For Life*, by Margaret Forster, just published by Fabers at 6s.—the author sets out all the facts and figures I have just quoted. In her dry and academic way she suggests that we have something to learn from the People's Colleges of Sweden.

That is an understatement.

There will be millions of young men and women returning to civilian life from the Services very soon. Many of them will have broken off their education in mid career. Others will have reached that terrible point in a young man's life when he realises the crippling handicap of a rough-and-ready education.

They will be looking for just such an organisation as a People's College, to bring them slowly back to civilian life, and to re-equip them as first-class workers at every level of the community.

VINCENT BROME.

Swaffer Talking

ONE day, perhaps, Lord Louis Mountbatten will be sent to Africa, Canada or Australia as Governor-General. He would do well.

He may, or may not, be the great commander that his high position in Asia should make apparent. That only time can prove.

What we do know is that he and Stilwell, the U.S. general, have different views—and that American opinion is highly critical of him.

Certainly, he is a good sailor. Then, Churchill surprisingly singled him out for high promotion.

But for George V's restriction of the dignity to children of monarchs he would be H.R.H.

His wife, a granddaughter of Sir Ernest Cassel, has millions, good looks, a brain quite the equal of her husband's, and considerable tact and understanding.

FORGOTTEN BURMA

Well, Lord Louis has been here—to "boost Burma." It is so far away. People might forget. "There ain't no buses running from the Bank to Mandalay."

So, here secretly, so far as the public was concerned, he stood up at the Ministry of Information—and, to use the current phrase, "did his stuff."

But why should Lord Louis worry about this? Certainly, when the war in Europe is over, the lights will go up and life here will become easier.

But, Australia's war, and New Zealand's is our war—apart from the fact that the tin companies want their property back. So do the oil kings and the copra merchants.

DID THE CRYSTAL TELL?

So Nell St. John Montague, the Society clairvoyant, was among the victims after a recent blitz.

She looked in the crystal for other people. I wonder if she ever saw her own fate. . . .

Well, although they may be digging up the Witchcraft Act against Spiritualists, to whom mediumship is part of their religion, fortune-telling still goes on all over London.

Nell St. John Montague's Press agent sent me, at the time, a paragraph saying that she had been specially invited to the wedding of the Duke and Duchess of York, who are now King and Queen, and giving a description of the dress she was to wear at the ceremony!

SLANDERED CELEBRITIES

Although there may be a case against the Bunny Austins and other young Britons who remained in the United States when we were going through it, I really must protest about a letter sent me jeering at the recent return—"now that it is safe"—of R. C. Sherriff, Sir Cedric Hardwicke and Valentine Williams.

All three served valiantly in the last war—Sherriff in circumstances staged in "Journey's End," and Williams, who rejoined Intelligence when this war broke out, in the Irish Guards.

As for Hardwicke, who is fifty-one, he was actually the last soldier to leave France after the last war.

In returning now, to stage a play by Edward Percy—that is, E. P. Smith, who is M.P. for Ashford—Hardwicke will, in reality, lose money. His income tax, on both sides of the Atlantic, will amount to more than his earnings!

MISSION FOR LORD LOUIS

Lord Louis came home to ask us to pay more attention to the Far Eastern battlefronts

JITTERBUG WAR

"What do you think of London after all this time?" I asked him.

"It may sound a silly phrase," he answered, "but I think it looks tired."

Hardwicke, asked to judge a jitterbug contest in the States a few months before the war, stood watching 2,000 youths and maidens "literally mad," he said, "gasping, with their eyes staring, almost fainting as they hurled themselves about like savages.

"Seeing it, I knew war had to come. A blood bath of some sort was necessary."

WANTED—A NEW BIBLE

I think always of Kipling's story, "The Village that Voted the Earth Flat," whenever I open a letter, as often I do, from the Rev. W. Grainge White, vicar of Haughley, Suffolk.

He pleads for a new Bible arguing not only that the Authorised Version is based on misunderstanding, but, when it defends the divine right of kings and property, wilfully attempts to please James I.

After preaching to his congregation on the subject for months, he got them to vote for a more modern translation, based on Aramaic, the language used by Jesus, and not on "the original Greek." Continually he bombards his superiors on the matter.

THE LORD'S PRAYER, 1944

Now he is worrying about the Lord's Prayer, saying that it was not meant for constant repetition but as a guide—"After this manner you should pray."

He also asks me to point out—"so that people can see spiritual realities and principles"—that the rendering, "Lead us not into temptation," should read, "Let us not fall into temptation."

Another version is, "And do not let us enter into temptation, but deliver us from error."

"No father would lead his child into evil in order to see if he would fall," writes the outspoken parson. "The whole purpose of the life and teaching of Jesus is to lead mankind away from evil.

"In the church and in our church school here, the following is the corrected rendering we use:

"Our Heavenly Father! May your Name be hallowed,
Your sway be owned, and Your will be done,
As in the Heavens, so, also, upon Earth.
Give us bread for our needs from day to day.
Forgive us our neglected duties as we have forgiven
Those who have neglected their duty to us.
Leading us out of temptation and delivering us from evil."

"A copy of this was sent to the Archbishop of Canterbury last year. . .

"We shall not get a better world until the considerable amount of immoral theology, widely and thoughtlessly accepted, is cast out."

FAR FROM THE WAR

It was Mark Hambourg, the distinguished pianist, who gave me an instance of the ignorance prevailing in outlying parts of the British Isles.

A shepherd, recently engaged by a friend of his in a Welsh village, not only admitted he could not read or write, but asked, "*Is the war still on?*"

"JOYS" OF THE COUNTRY

Nor is a letter I have received from a woman evacuated to North Wales from the Essex outskirts of London any more encouraging.

"I'm staying in a small Welsh town," she writes. "There are six adults in the family. Yet it has been left to me, a Londoner born in the East End slums, to teach these people how to be clean with their food.

"Milk and meat are left uncovered. All sorts of food scraps lie about, collecting flies and smells.

"They thought me mad when I suggested they should put their food outside and cover it over.

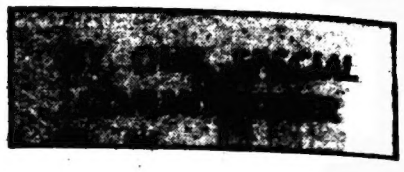
"They never believe in opening a window. 'If fresh air is needed, you can get all you want on top of the mountains,' they say.

"I'm thankful I'm not stranded here with young children. I should much prefer my East End slum.

"One woman I spoke to told me she had been billeted with an old woman who spits all over the floor and takes out her false teeth and plants them on the dinner table. One day she caught her little girl trying to fix them in her own mouth!

"There is one woman who will be glad to return to London. It is myself."

GRAFT AND THE DOCKS



SPECIALLY picked squads of detectives have recently been devoting the whole of their time to the widespread graft d pilfering that goes on at most cks and ports as well as at many our wharves.

Very few people, unless they possess side information, can realise the rious extent to which this grave andal has developed in the last two or ree years.

Hundreds of thousands of pounds rth of goods—chiefly foodstuffs ought to this country by our brave erchant sailors—have been stolen ery year since the war.

And 1944 promises to produce the ghest total yet!

For, in the first four months of this ar, foodstuffs and other goods esti- ated to be worth over £300,000 have nished from docks or from stores and spots associated with them.

Since January last, at one leading cks alone, *detected* thefts have risen ore than 200 per cent. over those re- rded in the official statistics for 1942.

Some of the amounts concerned in dividual robberies run into three, four d even five figures.

NEGLIGIBLE ARRESTS

Meat is one of the commodities most voured by the thieves. This, being in ch short supply and rationed, always tches big prices in the Black Market. is therefore being stolen per- stently—and in large quantities.

One meat robbery this year meant a ss of £5,400 to its owners. The profit r the Black Market men concerned its disposal is estimated, roughly, at 2,000.

Stolen meat in another transaction— rather a series of transactions—was orth £46,000 to its rightful buyers. What phenomenal profits were shared y the Black Market speculators who ventually handled it can be imagined!

High officials of the Ministry of Food re naturally very disturbed about the gly problem of pilfering from the ocks.

Many conferences attended by the Ministry's own private detectives have ately been held. But no real solution as so far been found.

The grim fact remains that the pro- ortion of actual arrests is negligible in omparison with the alarming number f thefts committed.

More disquieting still, most of the obberies are never solved.

The docks chiefly concerned are hose at Glasgow, Liverpool, Salford, Cardiff, Bristol, Southampton, and those n the Port of London area.

As the result of inquiries, and the ltimate discovery that some of its em- loyees had been corruptly concerned n a lengthy series of docks robberies, he Port of London Authority has now ightened up every possible loophole in n effort to thwart the thieves.

"PLANTED" DRIVERS

The goods concerned in the series of obberies in question have been esti- nated to be worth between £10,000 and £12,000.

A report recently drawn up by the Liverpool Steamship Owners' Associa- ion makes no secret of the grave view which its members take of the position n that great port.

"Losses due to pilfering from cargoes t the Liverpool docks," the report runs, "are substantial in size and de- plorable in character."

Both import and export cargoes are affected.

Now, the great majority of stevedores, dockers, drivers and packers employed at our docks are honest men.

How, then, is it done?

Apart from petty pilferers who can be found anywhere, there is a minority of men who work in gangs that have been specially organised by men with Black Market interests.

This is how big thefts are arranged.

The racketeer first chooses his "key" man. The latter applies for employment at the docks and, owing to the shortage of men, with men always in demand in almost every department, usually gets the first job for which he asks.

The "key" man, acting as quickly as possible without arousing suspicion, gets in touch with a "checker" who is willing, for a percentage of the profits, to issue false certificates to allow the stolen goods to pass through the dock gates.

Frequently the "key" man obtains work as a van or lorry driver. Once established, he has his lorry loaded with an excess of goods, passes through the gates with this false certificate and drops the excess at some pre-arranged "station."

The remainder of the goods are delivered to their proper destination. As the certificate has been made out to cover these goods alone, there can be no check on those left elsewhere.

At the secret "station"—which is usually a store, warehouse or dump, the excess goods are bought by a conspirator known as the "buyer." He disposes of them according to instructions from his Black Market chief.

Meat, cheese, bacon, tinned ham, margarine, whisky, wine and petrol are constantly being dealt with in this way.

REMOVED BY SHIPS

In one dockside town recently, premises were searched following inquiries which had been going on for months.

Large stocks of butter, sultanas, rice, lard, sugar, tea and other foodstuffs were found there.

A driver for the Ministry of Food, in the pay of the Black Market, had been delivering them there.

Although the issuing of false certificates for passing the dock gates is a racket which the police have met in scores of different cases, a new trick has recently been discovered.

Goods intended for Black Market sources are being removed from the docks by ships!

They are not smuggled through the gates, but hoisted from merchant ships into smaller vessels which land, after dark, at remote spots within easy reach of a harbour or a wharf.

When I was in Lancashire a few weeks ago, I was given the details of a case in which tinned cherries, ham, tomatoes and bacon had reached a landing place in this way.

A van was waiting on the shore and in a short time the stolen goods were deposited in a secret store.

The police, in another instance, went aboard a dredger and searched the crew's quarters. They found large quantities of foodstuffs concealed there.

In near-by premise sthey also found other stolen property hidden beneath floorboards.

These were destined for Black Market destinations.

At a London docks a few weeks ago, a valuable consignment of stolen foodstuffs was actually discovered in a waggon on a railway siding.

How it got there, or who put it there, is one of many dockside mysteries.

Scotland Yard detectives are at present investigating the disappearance of large quantities of foodstuffs taken from ships after they have been loaded to go to our fighting forces in France and Italy!

Several men are suspected, and arrests are likely to be made in the near future.

Even when cases are brought before the courts the punishment is too often ridiculously lenient. The majority of the offenders get off with fines, though it may be said that these are often only the "small fry."

Quite recently a butcher, for example, was fined £100 for receiving a large quantity of meat from men who had stolen it from a ship in harbour and had delivered it to his premises. The men concerned in the theft got off with trifling sentences.

This intolerable sabotage at the docks must be ended.

And only heavy sentences in jail will act as a real deterrent.

Docks have been known to be a Black Market paradise

How's Your Cousin in Canada?

PEOPLE of Great Britain have just under six million relatives in Canada. When I came to England in 1939, every second person I met, or so it seemed, asked me if I knew his or her cousin or brother or aunt in the Dominion.

Yet many of them did not realise that Saskatchewan is a province—one of Canada's nine—and it alone has an area almost three times that of Great Britain.

One thing that makes it hard to give people here an account of their cousins, brothers and aunts, is the vastness of Canada, which, by British standards, bears no relation to the fact that it has eleven and a half million inhabitants.

The Dominion is always said to be 3,000 miles across from the Atlantic Coast to the Pacific. But there are some parts of Canada in which you can travel 400 miles a day and others where you might be completely exhausted at the end of five miles.

★ ★ ★

For instance, if you were to land at Sydney, Nova Scotia, on the Atlantic side, with only enough money to buy a 3,000 miles railway ticket to visit your sister in Prince Rupert on the Pacific side, you would be put off the train at a point 162 miles short of Edmonton, Alberta, and would still be 1,056 miles from your destination.

But your relative is not likely to live farther north than Great Bear Lake.

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Great Bear Lake is very near the Arctic Ocean. Starting out in summer you could travel by canoe and pack-trail and finish up by dog sled. You should be able to make it in six months.

However, there is now, during the short summer season, a river steamer which will get you from the railway end at Waterways, Alberta, to the Arctic Ocean and back in thirty-three days.

It is likely that many of the twenty odd thousand girls who have married Canadian soldiers will follow the new frontier northwards and so be far from rail and road. But this will be compensated for by the advance of air transport in the Dominion.

Civilisation reached the North via the air, and Northerners seldom think of any other means of getting about. Even the Eskimos and Indians are established air travellers.

Air travel has been the accepted mode of transport in that area since 1933, and in consequence is more highly developed there than in any other part of the world.

In 1942, there were 12,000 miles of regular north to south air routes. In that year no fewer than ten million pounds of cargo, 60,000 passengers and 1,750,000 pounds of mail were carried. 'Planes flew over five million miles.

The advancement of aviation in Canada has established the cornerstone for an air transport system which will bring the parts of the Empire and the countries of the world closer together.

For 'planes are on the designing boards of British manufacturers now which will cover 3,500 miles at one hop and will have carrying capacities of something like 100 tons. And the shortest routes between Europe and Asia or the South Pacific lie across the Arctic Circle, across Canada's new Northland.

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The Canadian part of those routes is now being surveyed by the Dominion Government, and work is being pushed forward to ensure that it will not be long before Canada achieves her destiny as the Air Cross-roads of the world.

HOWARD CLEGG.

The Haircut

Short Story By S. P. L. Johnson

Mr. Bartrum's eyes followed his customer's to what looked like a violin case resting against the hat rack

Drawing by Edgar Spenceley

"LOOK, that's Mrs. Morton," said the barber, peering out of the window. "Poor woman."

"Really," the customer murmured, without much enthusiasm.

"She's an actress," said the barber, as if that was quite enough.

Having one's hair cut by Mr. Bartrum was a protracted affair. Whenever anyone walked down the village street Mr. Bartrum downed tools and looked out of the window.

He wasn't content to recognise the passer-by, but had to see where he was going before he went on with his haircutting, which he accompanied with an uncomplimentary sketch of the passer-by's life and habits.

If voices were ever raised sufficiently to penetrate the walls of the semi-detached residences of Stokesley village, Mr. Bartrum knew all about it, and if dead silence and an ear pressed to the wall could detect the cause of the raised voices, he knew all about that also.

Though the customer whose hair he was occasionally cutting was a complete stranger and the only man in the shop, Mr. Bartrum continued to carry on a running commentary about every man, woman and child who went along the street. Women are supposed to gossip worse than men, but with a little encouragement men can be as feline as women in this respect, and Mr. Bartrum supplied the encouragement to his customers.

When Mrs. Morton had entered the post office, but not before Mr. Bartrum returned to his haircutting.

"Yes, sir, she's an actress," he said. "She isn't down here very often, so of course we don't *know* what she does when she's away acting but actresses are a funny lot. She can't be much worse than her husband, though, and him we do know of."

"Oh, really," said the customer, still without much enthusiasm.

"He never comes into the village. In fact, I can't say as how I know him by sight, although he bought The Close five months ago come Monday; but there's not much as goes on in this village what doesn't come to my notice."

"I'm sure there's not," said the customer.

A nice gentleman this, thought Mr. Bartrum, for he didn't talk too much but made a remark from time to time which showed he was listening. And that was all the encouragement Bartrum needed to keep him going.

"Yes, sir," he continued, making another snip at his customer's hair. "He has a fancy lady friend who comes to stay with him when his wife's away. Her I have seen. He *says* she's his sister!"

"Perhaps she is," said the customer.

Mr. Bartrum's scissors halted again, for this was quite unlike the reaction of anyone else to whom he had told the story. He stood squarely in front of his customer with his hands resting on his hips.

"Last week he went for a midnight picnic with her," he said sternly. "Up on the downs he took her—when there was a moon. Mrs. Higgins saw them start, and old Timms, the shepherd, was up to see a sick cow, and he saw them together."

He paused for effect. "They was laughing together," he said slowly and dramatically.

The customer seemed unimpressed.

"I ask you, sir, would any man take his sister on a midnight picnic?"

"Perhaps."

"Well, if you ask me, there's a bit of hanky panky going on," Mr. Bartrum surmised.

HE stood looking at the other man for a moment and then reluctantly returned to cutting his hair. Funny bloke, he thought—I wonder where he comes from?

"Been in this part of the world long, sir?"

"A few months," the customer admitted.

"Been up North, sir?"

"No."

"Been down South, sir?"

"No."

"Been abroad, sir?" the barber persevered.

The customer was silent for a moment.

"Yes," he admitted. "I have just returned from Brazil—I had to."

"Ah, yes, where the nuts come from," said Mr. Bartrum. "You said you had to return, sir. Reasons of health, no doubt?"

"In a way," said the customer. "Or, rather, I had to leave Brazil. They don't mind a few murders out there—very broad-minded, really—but I practically wiped out a whole community. I suppose it would correspond with an English village. Useful little weapons, Tommy-guns."

Mr. Bartrum gulped noisily.

"I didn't want to do it," the man went on. "I was rather sorry about it afterwards, especially about the women and children who had no right to be there.

"But I got very angry one day. I was walking past the Publico Hostello—that's the local pub—and I overheard the entire population discussing my private affairs. I had a Mexican dancer staying with me at the time and they were making the most scandalous allegations."

He paused for a moment. "It just made me wild. One always goes about armed out there—you may meet a jaguar or a revolution at any moment, and I had Thomas, my sub-machine-gun, under my arm. I still can't get out of the habit of carrying him around, though I believe it's illegal here."

Mr. Bartrum's eyes followed his customer's to what looked like a violin case resting against the hat rack. His mouth was dry and he found great difficulty in swallowing. He could scarcely take his eyes off the dreadful case.

"I don't often lose my temper," said the customer smoothly, "but malicious gossip generally gets me—and I'm afraid I saw red. Practically the whole village was standing around the barman, who was recounting what was supposed to be the last incident in my affair of passion.

"I simply rested my gun on the window-sill and shot the lot.

"They weren't very pleased—the few that were left in the village—and they threatened to have the law on me. So I decided to leave in a hurry."

MR. BARTRUM'S hands were shaking as he resumed cutting his customer's hair.

"A bad haircut sometimes makes me cross," the customer remarked affably.

Perspiration stood out on Mr. Bartrum's florid brow as he tried to remember all he knew about haircutting. With a sinking heart he held up the mirror.

"Will that do, sir?"

For a tense moment he hardly dared to breathe, and he sighed with relief when his customer nodded.

"Is there anything else, sir?"

"Yes. I want a bottle of hair oil," said the customer. "Will you send it round?"

"Certainly, sir," said Bartrum. "What's the name and address?"

"Morton, The Close," and he picked up the violin case and played with the catch.

Bartrum's stomach felt as though it was resting on the floor.

There was an agonised pause before Mr. Morton tucked the case under his arm, put his hat on and went out. Mr. Bartrum sank limply into his own chair and offered up a silent prayer of thanksgiving.

John Ingoldly chuckled as he got into his car and put the violin on the seat beside him. He never left it in his car for fear it would be stolen.

It was only three-thirty and he wasn't due at the concert hall at Erborough until six, so there was no need to hurry. And he enjoyed his drive through the country, for he had the Boy Scout's feeling of a good deed well done.

Weather Forecasting and the Future

● Weather forecasting plays a vital rôle in war. In peace it will, in all probability, play an even bigger rôle, and possibly "run our lives."

Britain's greatest weather expert is Sir Nelson King Johnson, Director of the Meteorological Office.

Sir Nelson played a major part in the planning of D-Day and other important operations, such as Commando raids, prior to the great invasion. In almost every instance the forecasts drawn up by him and his experts have proved correct to the smallest detail.

At the moment the men and women fighting the flying bombs owe much to the weather information supplied by Sir Nelson's Department.

At the same time, Germany's two leading weather forecasters, Dr. Karl Schuster and General Willibald Spang, are playing their part on Hitler's behalf by trying to direct their bombs to operational areas where cloud might prove valuable to them and a hindrance to the defenders.

* * *

The hundreds of young people who have learnt the art of weather forecasting during the war years will probably find it a worth-while venture to further their knowledge during the early post-war years and set themselves up later as forecasters.

Easily the most successful man in this direction is Irving P. Krick, now a major in the U.S. Army Air Corps, who can forecast weather conditions a week in advance. He studied in Germany and Norway before setting up the Krick Industrial Weather Service in New York.

At first, people were dubious of this organisation—but after Irving Krick gave them a free sample of his forecasting they were not slow to appreciate his ability.

* * *

Nearly all the Hollywood film companies now engage his services—he was ninety-seven times right every hundred times on the film city's reckoning, and saved the movie business £15,000,000 in one year.

One firm, which grows Christmas trees, saved all their stock because of a timely warning from Krick. They sent him a telegram thanking him for his service.

When the wire arrived, General Arnold, the U.S. Air Chief, happened to be in Krick's office. He read the congratulations and suggested that Irving Krick ought to be helping America's fighting men with his splendid organisation.

So Krick donned uniform, became a major, and is playing a great part in a quiet way in Uncle Sam's Pacific war effort.

By hard work and perseverance Irving Krick has proved that weather, harnessed to modern life, can be a great help.

The possibilities in "Weather Clerking" are terrific. There can be no doubt that it will play a vital part in helping to make fortunes and happiness in the future. HOWARD JOHNS.

HUMAN MACHINE

BALANCE IS ALL

● Everybody—theoretically at any rate—wishes, as M. Coué used to say, to get better and better every day. Theoretically! When it comes to doing something about it, we are not nearly so enthusiastic.

Anyway, let's assume that we're all models. Let's assume that we don't mind hard work, and that every day, in every way, we are doing whatever is needed to make us better and better, more efficient and more successful.

Let us applaud ourselves for it—and then take a cautionary look around to make sure we're not overdoing things.

For there's a danger with ambition. There's a danger that in keeping our eyes fixed on a distant goal we may overlook all the little things that lie in between our starting point and our destination.

It's quite possible, you know. Many and many a man has done it to his everlasting regret.

You may get so used to not wasting time that when you have the opportunity to waste some, and when it would be highly desirable to waste some, you find that it simply can't be done. You find that what began as a worthy habit has become an intolerable tyranny.

There is a real danger of losing present happiness in the pursuit of distant success.

It is a danger that should be foreseen and guarded against if a proper balance is to be preserved in life. There is never anything to be said for excess, whether of work or of play.

"The best people" were always seen in the Royal Enclosure at Ascot, and even the war has failed to shatter the social barriers

Bombs Draw People Close Together

A YOUNG man comes from a humble home, but he has brains and ambition. He quickly works his way upwards until he is in a very good position. He falls in love with a girl belonging to a higher social level. Then he is confronted with a problem which worries him.

Should I tell her that I come from a poor family? he asks. I get on well with her family, and they regard me as a prospective son-in-law. Lately they have given me hints that I ought to introduce the girl to my parents.

I have nothing to be ashamed of about my family except their poverty. We live in an unfashionable street of little houses all depressingly alike.

My father is a man of fine character, but he does not pretend to be cultured or refined. We are working-class people.

My girl friend was expensively educated and comes from a home which my people would regard as luxurious. I feel afraid to tell her the truth about myself, and I am certain that her parents would object to her marrying "beneath her"; but I care so much for her that I am terrified of losing her.

Do you think me an awful snob, Humanist? Do you think I should be justified in keeping my family out of sight or in the dim background? I should like to know your candid opinion about the whole situation.

I think it would be a disastrous mistake to conceal the facts about himself and his lowly origin. He must introduce the girl to his home, and the sooner the better. Her parents may disapprove of him, but it does not occur to him that his own parents may disapprove of the girl!

DOES she care for him sufficiently to accept him for what he is? She may even think the better of him for the way he has worked and improved his position. She will certainly admire him for being honest about himself.

In theory his parents are every bit as good as hers, but in practical life one cannot ignore social classes and the influence they exert.

When the blitz began four years ago it was thought that class distinctions would disappear. Suburbanites who rarely spoke to their next-door neighbours suddenly became quite human! But when the danger grew less we reverted to former habits until the flying bombs brought us nearer together again.

One hears a great deal about friendliness, says a woman reader, about snobbery being abolished, and about people being united in times of danger.

What this seems to mean in fact is that complete strangers talk to me in 'buses, and that neighbours are for ever popping in during raids to offer me cups of tea. These people would never dream of doing such things in normal times, and it makes me furious!

Surely our British reserve, which is famous all over Europe, is one of our best characteristics? I believe in world unity, but I value my privacy highly, and I should never dream of violating anyone else's simply because a flying bomb might wipe us out during the next five minutes.

I am told that I am anti-social. I wonder whether you think so?

The writer is a very independent young woman. She does not appear to need the company of her fellow-beings as much as the majority do, and perhaps for this reason she does not fully understand the neighbours' motives in offering her company and cups of tea.

They probably think it horrible for her to be alone during a raid; hence the gesture of friendliness. Yes, I do think she is anti-social.

I don't think as highly of British reserve as the writer does. Human beings were not meant to live in isolation. In a democratic country the social classes ought not to be so rigidly separated.

Nor do I think this reserve of ours is "famous"; it is well known, but it is a source of amazement and laughter.

When the tenants of a big flat assemble in the air raid shelter I don't like to see the people from the more expensive rooms segregating themselves from those who pay smaller rents.

I think it is all unspeakably silly.

I am told that the suburbs of London are more snobbish than those of the Midlands and the North. I wonder what people from Manchester, Liverpool, Leeds, Birmingham, Glasgow and Edinburgh have to say about this?

There is room for a short extract from another letter.

The absence of fathers during the war, writes a young man, means that children are brought up to follow their mothers' ideas, but the fathers may have different plans for them.

I want my daughter to read good literature, study music, and be able to speak good English; but the scanty education she is receiving and her mother's unambitious ideals will be far below the standard I would demand if I were at home.

Will it be too late for the fathers to catch up with the careers of their children, and to win their love and confidence? If so, there will be many a clash in the family life in the post-war world.

The fathers are certainly at a disadvantage, but in my experience the mothers' ambitions are often higher than the fathers'.

Obviously there will be conflicting interests in many homes, but sensible parents will hold a two-party conference and formulate a policy by which both must abide.

★ If you are in doubt, write to HUMANIST, at 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2. You will receive a guinea if your letter is quoted on this page (without, of course, giving your name)

No Corner Shop for Mr. A. Hitler!

IF you could start again, as somebody else, what would your choice be?

The man who says "I wouldn't change places with anybody" is on pretty safe ground. He'll never get the chance. None of us will ever get the chance.

But *if*.

We all have our dreams. Mr. Smith at the corner shop no doubt gets a bit tired of being Mr. Smith at the corner shop now and again. Nobody asks his opinion about anything. Nobody takes any notice of him. He's quite overlooked and forgotten.

★ ★ ★

Perhaps sometimes he'd like to be the King of England or the Lord Mayor of London. Or even Tommy Trinder or Arthur Askey. It's the way we're made.

Or I suppose it is. If it isn't it's time somebody did something about it, I think.

There have been many times when I have grown sick of my own identity and wanted to be somebody else. When I was very young I wanted to be the head of a famous bill-posting company, for some reason. Thirty years ago I wanted to be Charlie Chaplin.

No doubt there have been times when you have wanted to be N. Bonaparte or (dear madam) the Queen of Sheba or Greta Garbo. You could see yourself in the part.

We can always see ourselves showing up better in some other part. Funnily enough, we can scarcely ever see ourselves showing up well in the part we've got.

N. Bonaparte wanted to be something like Alexander the Great. Only Greater.

A. Hitler wanted to be something like N. Bonaparte. He got as sick of being a mere corporal in the seventeenth row as Mr. Smith at the corner shop gets of being Mr. Smith at the corner shop.

He could see himself making a much better do of things as N. Bonaparte than as A. Hitler. Like so many millions the rest of us, he got tired of being little maggot. He saw himself as a big cheese.

No, none of us will ever get the chance. But sometimes some of us think we've got the chance. We think we're specially picked out. A. Hitler thought he's got the chance. He thought he'd been specially picked out.

So he had a Real Go.

And look at him now.

★ ★ ★

Comic world! In two or three hundred years' time people may be wanting to be Hitlers as during the last fifty years or so people have been wanting to be Napoleons. Hitlers of finance. Hitlers of the Press. Hitlers of the film world.

But look at the real article *now*. Look at the big cheese at this present moment.

Some people are never satisfied.

I'll bet he's wishing like blazes he could be Mr. Smith round at the corner shop.

A. G.

VOICES

ROAD convoy work in India is no pleasure jaunt, and L./Cpl. L. Wheeler, R.E., explains why in a letter to his family at Lickey End, Bromsgrove, Worcs:

Somehow we always get through!

Our motor-trucks started on a th sand-mile trip across country, and th was never a dull moment from the st go. We started off well, but by no I got stuck at a hairpin bend on a mo tain road, and the trailer seemed as it might go over the side at any mome It cost two hours of hard work to g clear again.

En route we had to do all our ow cooking, and with all my domestic trai ing in the Army I should make a go housewife for some nice girl when I g home.

Next day more trouble! Our se geant had been left in hospital at —— so I was now in charge of the conv which meant that things were bound happen, and they did!

One truck broke down so badly th we had to tow it. Then while it w being towed, the brakes went phut, an it ran into another truck, smashing th steering. We worked all night on repair

But we had our brighter moments. T next night at ——, the sergeants at t camp invited us to their mess, and had a lovely time until 2 a.m. Not muc beer, but plenty of gin and lime. A reg lar sing-song and so to bed.

Apart from breakdowns, collisions, a the inevitable repair jobs, we had a go trip, and the convoy arrived at o destination, much to our surprise. B we always get through!

White Magic

Card-tricks and clock repairs at the "local" in West Africa earn popularity for R.A.F. men. L.A.C. G. F. Evans writes to his mother at Llandyssil, Montgomery.

We went down to the local "pub" f a little fun and a drink. The owner a black woman, and a cheery soul.

I did a few card tricks for her benef and she was so thrilled with the "Whi Man's Magic" that I began to think should be on the "halls." Apart fro that, my pal mended a rather queer clock for the lady, and succeeded making it strike the hours again. Mo magic!

Thus do we earn popularity in the parts.

OF THE TROOPS

Wm. Beveridge, too, thinks it "won't be good enough"

Social conditions after the Peace ntinue to be warmly discussed by n in the Services. Cpl. W. J. rge, serving in India, expresses views in a letter to his wife at ckmoor Drive, West Derby, Liver-l:

e fact is that our old standards of mass unemployment, poverty, bad ng and widespread misery, will not od enough, not by a long way.

The large industrialists will doubt-clamour for wages and salaries to aled down to "an economic level," low for "commercial expansion and turn to prosperity." Whose pros-? But we have heard all that sort nsense before. The people on top run the show will have to think !

Our legislators are going to have ies of large-size headaches, but I the mass of the people will demand they shall not suffer from a series art-aches.

Hospitality

way in Ismalia, Sgn. S. Grim-w, Middle East Forces, and his nd Jock enjoy native hospitality. writes to his parents at Skip e. Hutton, near Preston :

and I went across to the village Tuesday evening and met an old who, after a chat, invited us to me. We went into the best room ere provided with cushions, which sitting on the floor quite comfort-

two wives brought in a large bowl e, mixed with meat and other . The old man, his three sons, e two sat round the bowl cross-, wading into it and feeding with ands.

This mixture tasted awful, but we smacked our lips, saying "Kweis," which means good, and everyone was pleased.

Then the black-veiled women brought in a bowl for each of us, and these contained a roast pigeon stuffed with rice and fresh lime fruit, and covered with a pancake affair of unleavened bread.

We ate the pigeons in our fists, and they were quite good. The eldest son kept picking out the best bits of his pigeon, and popping them into my mouth, which, I gather, is the right thing to do with an honoured guest.

After that, a big bowl of water-melon, eaten with noisy appreciation. Then we went up to the roof for a smoke and a drink. A pleasant meal with very pleasant people.

Forgotten Fourteenth

Wounded in Burma, Gnr. J. Holmes puts in a plea for the "Forgotten Army":

After almost three years in India and Burma, and now back in England owing to wounds, I am astonished that so many people do not realise that our men are fighting desperately and gallantly against the Japanese in Burma.

The almost constant thought in the minds of the men out there is that they are the "Forgotten Men." Judging by my own observations, I think they are right.

There has been well-earned publicity and praise for the men serving in North Africa, Italy and France, but seldom, if ever, do we see a headline or a news-photo of the campaign of the 14th Army in Burma.

May I urge people at home to give the men of the 14th a little thought? They are fighting in conditions of untold hardship and strain, against a ruthless enemy, against disease and an appalling climate.

★ Have you an interesting letter from a relative in the Forces? ONE GUINEA will be paid for each one published—more if an adventure story used at greater length—and all the letters are returned. 10s. 6d. for Readers' Views. Address all letters to "Voice," JOHN BULL, 93, Long Acre, London, W.C.2

READERS' VIEWS IN A SENTENCE

● As a hospital out-patient for many years, I calculate that for every ten-minute treatment I have spent three hours in the waiting-room.—E. Howard, Newborough Avenue, Liverpool.

★ ★ ★

A number of large empty houses in our road could easily accommodate two hundred people. Probably the owners are unable to put them in commission; in that case the Government should take over the houses for the homeless. That is if the Government has any serious intention of dealing with the housing problem.—H. H. Jones, Beulah Hill, S.E.19.

★ ★ ★

Why the Purchase Tax on medical supplies? Illness is an expensive time, plus the loss of wages, without the added burden of a tax.—"M.E.," Leeds.

★ ★ ★

With all this talk of feeding starving Europe it savours of irony that in 1943 Britain dumped 2,000,000 herring back into the sea, and in the Argentine they burned as fuel a surplus of grain amounting to 5,000,000 tons.—F. G. Griffiths, Orwell Street, Grimsby.

PERSONAL TOUCH

HANK you for the cheque and for the 'personal touch' in expressions of sympathy. One not expect and rarely meets that from a business house."

writes Mrs. E. Martin, of South don, whose husband was killed e performing Civil Defence es in a recent raid.

OHN BULL offers free to every er an insurance policy, under-ten at Lloyd's, against air raids, attacks, invasion and bombard-t, including substantial benefits death or loss of sight.

eaders who have not yet regis-d can obtain registration forms JOHN BULL'S Insurance De-ment, 128, Long Acre, London, 2.

HAROLD A. ALBERT describes how women are fighting the invading sea; among other triumphs they have made it possible for an ocean-going ship to steam up the Nene—the first for over 100 years

Women Roll Up Their Sleeves

THE machine was monstrous—lumbering forward on flat forepaws, gulping its thousandth five-ton bite of marsh, clawing another stride inland.

Plastered with mud, the girl in the driving seat was smiling.

I was with the camera unit that filmed her unceasing achievement. And there are many honours less merited than the admiration which Soviet cinema audiences will soon have for Emmy Dobbs, one-time hairdresser's assistant, and the job she is doing.

Just four years ago, the Nazis intended to land in this low-lying Wash country and launch their invasion of Britain. Now the area is being conquered by an army of ex-shop assistants, ex-mill girls, ex-mannequins—girls who are fighting and winning a new-style Battle of Britain.

The tyrant they fight is the sea: the ancient invader which from time immemorial has eroded Britain's coastlines, flooded farms, undermined cottages, wiped towns and villages and fertile plains out of existence.

700,000 ACRES RECLAIMED

Only the other day a sea-going steamer sailed up the River Nene and berthed at Peterborough. The last ship of its size to anchor there had brought in French prisoners during the Napoleonic wars.

Peterborough has been "liberated"—thanks very largely to women.

We stood together, Emmy Dobbs and I, looking towards the town from over the reed-fringed fens.

"One day," said Emmy, "I'm going to bring my children here. I'm going to show them the new farms, the new settlement villages, the new roads and holiday centres. And I'm going to tell them that's what mother did in the war and during the peace, this is the new world mother built. . . ."

She laughed. Her children are still dreams in the stars.

Next I'd like you to meet Ella Macrae, once a hand in a Paisley mill. What a joke to think that the farmers who once employed her were "dead agin women."

Ella joined other Land Army girls at Adventurer's Fen, and found herself clearing mile upon mile of ditches and drain dips. I watched them tackling land 15 ft. below sea level, advancing against a Mareth Line of almost impenetrable rushes.

Four miles of ditching, they told me, with a glance at their mud-covered boots, is necessary for every 100 acres. In one area alone, they've turned 700,000 acres of reclaimed land back to the farmer.

A villager pointedly held his nose. Yet the girls work in the stench day in, day out. "We get not to notice it," said Ella Macrae. "But it's hard on the newcomers."

Then I went to Lakenheath Fen, where battles against floods and the sea had once been lost. Bursting its banks in the last war, a river had inundated 2,000 acres—and they had remained swamp ever since.

The landgirls fought every yard of the way. Need I add that Lakenheath is now yielding potatoes, corn and sugar-beet?

Around Feltwell Fen, similarly, the devastating collapse of a river bank flung six farms out of action. The families moved away, flood refugees. Feltwell became an untrodden waste of couch-grass, willow, reeds and thorn.

In the bad old days a man with two good horses might plough an acre a day. Six Women's Land Army tractor girls ploughed 700 acres.

WORLD'S BIGGEST

Now there are even women engineers in the pumping stations. And we've built the biggest pumping station in the world.

It provides water to thousands of farms and families that used to be waterlogged half the year and waterless the rest. In emergency it can fling 5,000 tons of water a minute back into the sea.

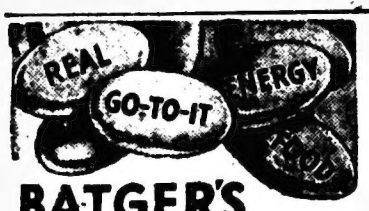
At one time, the hungry sea ate away roads, cut railway lines and swallowed homes and churchyards alike. Now the engineers and landgirls have made one stretch of coast so safe that a powerful entertainments combine is planning to transform it into a great new holiday resort

Where there were formerly only duck-shooting rights, a battalion of women to-day runs a sugar-beet factory. W.L.A. hostels that stood "miles from anywhere" three years ago are already the centres of thriving villages and production units.

The sea walls push out farther and farther into the Wash, the mounting silt builds up fresh land to be reclaimed.

Flying columns of landgirls wage further war on the pests nurtured by moisture. Even rat- and mole-catchers are included in the W.L.A., and with one girl I had a long discussion on the mysteries of cyanide gas and powdered red squill.

It's a grimy job, but it's winning a new Battle of Britain



BATGER'S

Silmos Lollies

ZONING

We are sorry that some of our customers will not be able to buy Silmos Lollies now. They will return again as one of the sweets of Peace

"Walters' Palm" TOFFEE

absolutely takes the palm for Value, Quality and Charm

This MOTHER says

"When there is any sign of indigestion we have a family habit of taking 'Bisurated' Magnesia. It never fails."

The cause of digestive upsets is excess acidity — set up by fermenting food. Correct it with a dose of 'Bisurated' Magnesia taken after meals. Ask your chemist for 'Bisurated' Magnesia — it will give immediate relief. Prices 7d. to 2/10 (Inc. Pur. Tax).

'Bisurated' Magnesia

SUSTAINED EFFORT

Changed conditions have, for many people, resulted in longer hours and harder work. Not infrequently the extra effort demanded causes headaches and muscular aches and pains. Those responsible for the health of workers in war factories have been quick to recognise the merits of 'ANADIN' in alleviating pain and distress. Invaluable also in the treatment of rheumatism, neuralgia, neuritis and the common cold.

1/5 & 2/10 (*inc. Tax*)

ANADIN TABLETS

FOR THE RELIEF OF PAIN

LET ME BE YOUR FATHER

You need help and Fatherly advice in difficult times like these. I am in the position to give that to you free.

We teach nearly all the Trades and Professions by Post, in all parts of the World. Distance makes no difference. The most progressive and most successful Correspondence College in the World.

If you know what you want to study, write for prospectus. If you are undecided, write for my fatherly advice. It is free.

Direct mail to:

DEPT. 31,
THE BENNETT COLLEGE,
SHEFFIELD.

Healthy dogs make good companions

Happy spirits, lovely coat, keen appetite—every sign of doggy fitness depends on a pure bloodstream. Your dog too will always enjoy this sparkling condition if you purify his blood with 'one Bob Martin's once a day.'

In packets, 9 for 7d., 36 for 1/11

BOB MARTIN'S

Condition Powder Tablets

keep dogs fit

LAST LAUGH

S. T. (Morpeth).—"We hear a lot of complaints about discipline, but can you tell me of any drill that is likely to hurt a man?" The dentist's.

L. R. (Bridgnorth).—"After the war I shall soon have my old car out again. That will shake the neighbours." Not so much as it will you.

C. D. (Sutton).—"I started as an errand boy." So naturally your progress was slow.

S. D. (Darwen).—"It was hardly fair for a medical man to say we have fewer colds in our street than before the war." Are there fewer nouses?

SUE (Grentham).—"What is a monologue?" 'A conversation with a Doughboy.

T. D. (Weybridge).—"Is it possible for a man to write novels for sixty years and not be known to the public?" Yes, if none are published.

Y. P. (Hastings).—"The man wanting a wife does not run after the cheeky girl." He doesn't have to

G. P. (Horsham).—"A soldier friend of mine tells me that the Londoner is always seen at his best in the army when called on to attack." Well, he has had plenty of training, boarding buses and so on

HOBO (Retford).—"A man can't live on a short hard-luck story." No, he must make a serial of it.

MASS (Taplow).—"Our boys returning after the war hoping to marry will demand more than homes fit for heroes." Homes fit for Eros.

C. V. (Lincoln).—"We girls after the war will have less dough." But some of you will have Doughboys

B. B (Wembley).—"Some of our newer tanks move at an amazing speed." Yes they can keep retreating German infantry in sight.

F. F. (Yeovil).—"Servicemen's wives now in factories will not take to household tasks when their husbands come back home." So their husbands are sure of getting that job back at any rate.

HUS (Blackpool).—"In times like the present a good tonic for a woman is hardly procurable." Even then it means parting with valuable clothing coupons.

W N. (Wantage).—"What is an armchair strategist?" The wife who encourages her husband to put his feet on the mantelpiece and gleans the harvest of money from the upholstery.

T. S. (Southampton).—"I owe a lot to the man who got me safely out of the dock." Swimmer or lawyer?

J. N. (Manchester). — "Good playing-cards are hard to get." Even when you deal them yourself?

OLD BILL: BY BRUCE BAIRNSFATHER

"No, we're standin' on the Hotel Magnifique. That there is the Café de la Paix!"

Side-Slips

WISBECH ADVERTISER:—". . . and witness gave him a FARM to take to Wisbech Police Station with the certificate."

DAILY HERALD:—"There is an adequate SAND-BASIN in her room."

KENTISH INDEPENDENT:—". . . TILES were straightened around manly necks. . . ."

TORQUAY HERALD EXPRESS:—". . . consisted of canteen manageresses, charge-HOUNDS, counter assistants, cooks, shorthand typists and clerks."

SUNDAY GRAPHIC:—"Visitors to the Yorkshire Dales and other beauty POTS were warned last night . . ."

STAFFS EXPRESS AND STAR:—". . . has also died in hospital from his INQUIRIES. . . ."

LIVERPOOL ECHO:—"He went home, CHARGED into his Home Guard uniform, and returned to the dance hall. . . ."

NEWS CHRONICLE:—". . . for the repair of PROMISES damaged by flying bombs. . . ."

SCARBOROUGH MERCURY:—"FILES swarm round this and die as soon as they drink it. . . ."

GREATEST OF THESE

● In the face of so much mass suffering individual instances of misfortune are easily overlooked. And there are so many of them!

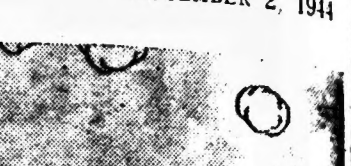
Every week we receive moving appeals. "I am discharged as unfit, but have no pension. . . ." "I have been too ill to work. . . ." "All my children have been ill, and now I have to have an operation. . . ."

In such cases a little timely help means everything. And you can give it by sending a donation to: Secretary, JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund,* Box 44, 64, Long Acre, London, W.C.2.

All money is pooled and allocated fairly among deserving cases. Grateful acknowledgment will be made, but anonymous gifts are welcome, and current subscription lists are available on request.

We meet all administrative costs; every penny sent goes to the needy; so please be generous.

**Registered under the War Charities Act, 1940, as "The JOHN BULL War Sufferers' Fund."*



"BULLETS" No. 1,439

FIRST PRIZE £100

E. G. Gathercole, 54, Milton Park, Highgate, N.6, for this "Bullet":

HOUSES FOR ALL THAT CANNOT "BLOW OVER."

£10: P. H. Lisk, 19, Palmersfield Road, Banstead, Surrey.
Our Evacuee—"Misses" Streets, Bd Windows!

£6: T. H. J. Chandler, c/o 64, Military Road, Ipswich.
Crowd Of Sightseers—Outside My "Ruined Castle."

£4: A. Dawson, 23, Josephine Avenue, Brixton, S.W.2.
His Medals—Earned—Pawned—Redeemed—Looted!

£3: T. B. Hunt, 145, Erdington Hall Road, Birmingham.
Belongs To People—Not "Rent People," Ltd.

£3: L. J. McNeill, 97, Woodbrook Road, London, S.E.2.
Tommy's Problem—"Thanks, Pal:" By Russian.

30s.: E. Baker, "Lindens," Greenway, Friston-on-Sea.
Pitiful Sight—Toy Bomber In Rubble.

30s.: F. Baxendale, "Vardale," Orcott-e-Quill, Leam, I.O.M.
Our Evacuee—Deporting—"Spoiling Everything" Again.

30s.: H. Blake, 9, Littlebourne Road, Canterbury.
Sandy's Tomatoes—Staked—Wired—Tied—Mixed!

30s.: Miss C. M. Price, Broughton Castle, Banbury.
With Regret—Barring French, Smoking "Chains."

30s.: G. O'Leary, 12, Borough Street, Port Talbot.
Houses For All—After "War" With Bricks Owners!

Fountain Pen with each of the above Prizes.
A list of 50 winners of 5s. can be seen at Cassell's offices; 250 New Prizes and 750 Merit Awards have been posted.

TWO BIG CHEQUES WON IN XWORD 391

WINNING WORDS: 1. SPEND. 2. RAID. 3. OVER. 4. NIOB. 5. RAIL. 6. [illegible]. 7. LASTING. 8. PAD. 9. FEEL. 10. [illegible]. 11. JOAD. 12. SERE. 13. HEAT. 14. [illegible] or STOVE.

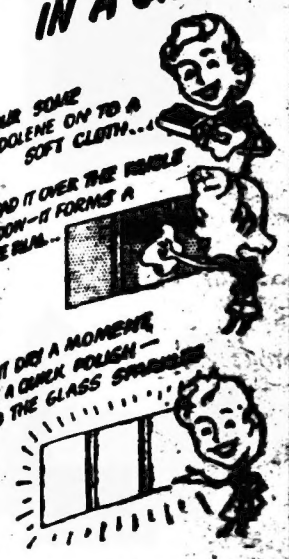
SHARERS OF £100:—T. J. Hill, 54, Karsdale Road, Liverpool; A. Spink, 34, Cornwall Road, Bradford.

RUNNERS-UP AWARDS value £25 shared between 41 entrants.

TO HELP READERS of Bulletin and Gazette whose copies are delayed or fail to arrive through causes beyond "John Bull's" control, here are "Last Minute Ideas" winning Answers from issue dated September 2.

Leach-Lines No. 121—KEY LETTERS K—P—[illegible]

WINDOWS CLEAN IN A JIFFY!


RUB SOME WINDOLENE ON TO A SOFT CLOTH...
SPREAD IT OVER THE WHOLE WINDOW—IT FORMS A FILM...
LET IT DRY A MOMENT, THEN A QUICK POLISH— AND THE GLASS SPARKLES

...t—clean windows the old ...ket-and-water way? Not so, ...y busy housewives everywhere, ...n Windolene and no more hard ...bbing for them. Windolene ...ans in a jiffy—removes dirt ...ime and dirt, gives a rich, lasting ...g gloss. It's just no good for ...mors and picture glass, too. ...m all grocers and ironmongers, ...a bottle.

Windolene

CLEANS WINDOWS ...

take Fennings LITTLE HEALERS at the first sign of an attack of INFLUENZA BRONCHITIS OR COLDS and Brighten your outlook

PRICE ALL CHEMISTS 6½d., 1/3 & 3/- plus tax

Send 2½d. stamps to Alfred Fennings, Crewe, for a W. for copy of "FENNINGS DOCTOR"

GRE-SOLVENT

MORE HASTE.. MORE NEED

REMOVES GREASE and GRIME THAT SOAP WILL NOT TOUCH

POWDER 7d. PASTE - 8d.

NO COUPONS

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex (534)

RHEUMATISM

Who are the people most likely to suffer?

Those working in conditions exposed to the weather, dampness and cold? The middle-aged rather than the young? Perhaps—but Authorities now believe that poisons absorbed into the blood-stream are a more *direct* cause than age, working conditions, etc. These poisons may be coming from septic teeth or tonsils, so it is as well to have them examined. But there is another very common source of poisons: material stagnating in the bowel—and this may be so in your case. For this reason and for another, which you will read below, Fynnon Salt will probably help you.

There is an interesting fact about Fynnon Salt which should be better known. A dose, after it has passed through your stomach on its way down the system, DIVIDES INTO TWO PARTS. Part is absorbed into the blood—thus stimulating the kidneys to filter poisons away from your circulation by way of the bladder. The other part of the dose enters the intestines—and so gently relieves the bowels, thus removing the stagnating material in which poisons responsible for Rheumatism are apt to originate.

In view of this you will see the wisdom of taking Fynnon Salt.

LARGE SIZE FYNNON SALT 1/6
(Including Purchase Tax)

Fynnon Ltd., Brentford, Middlesex (534)

£100 BUMPER Bullets FIRST! and 250 NEW PRIZES!

250 Useful NEW PRIZES 750 MERIT AWARDS

Use any of these "EXAMPLES"

TO make a Bullet simply add TWO, THREE or FOUR words of apt and original comment to any of the Examples below. Winners on page 14 show you various ways to score. Jay Wins Day—Friday, September 12.

ANOTHER BLITZKRIEG
PROSPERITY FOR ALL
END OF THE WAR
LIBERTY, EQUALITY AND
AMIDST THE WRECKAGE
BIG NEWS
CURE FOR NAZISM
IN DANGER
UNFORGETTABLE
GOOD SENSE

BULLETS 1,439 RESULT appears on page 14

BELOW THE BELT
BY KIND PERMISSION
FAMILY DOCTOR
HAVEN OF PEACE
BEHIND THE BARS
VILLAGE STATIONMASTER
BEGINNING AGAIN
EAGERLY AWAITED
SAFE TO LIVE IN
JUST AS DAD SAID

Use "Examples" below are for completion with any ONE additional word of your choice in the position indicated by dotted line. Then make "Bullets" from them as usual.

BEFORE IT'S .....
TAKES SOME .....
MORE LIKE .....
AT OUR .....
THE OLD.....
WHAT ..... FEARS

USE MARGIN IF DESIRED—CUT HERE

EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....
EXAMPLE .....
BULLET .....

2 FREE BULLETS allowed with 4 paid—enter on plain paper

I agree to enter in accordance with the Rules and enclose P.O. or stamps entry-fee at the rate of 6d. for each two paid Bullets, my remittance including 1d. for "Bullets" Bulletin dated Sept. 23. IF INK RUNS USE PLAIN PAPER OF COUPON SIZE.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
Closing Postmark, 1,443 Monday, Sept. 11

Signed .....
Address .....

RULES 1.—First Prize in Bullets will be awarded for best Bullet received, and other prizes in order of merit, the test being cleverness, aptness and originality. Awards First Prize will go to the competitor submitting most meritorious set of Answers to Clues provided, test in this case being aptness and accuracy of Answers in relation to Clues. Prize divided in event of tie or ties. Not more than one Award Prize per contest. Complete Award in ink, not pencil. 2.—The Editor undertakes that every entry in Bullets and Awards shall receive careful consideration by staff of competent adjudicators. 3.—To cover 1d. Bulletin charge and entry-fee enclose P.O. or stamps—6d. per two Bullets or 6d. per two Award coupons used. Two Award coupons FREE with each six paid. Two Bullets FREE with each four paid. If P.O. used, make payable to JOHN BULL, crossed (& Co.) write name and address on back. Coupons must not be mutilated. Members of H.M. Forces allowed half-rate entry-fee if coupons personally completed and Service rank indicated. 4.—Entries are only accepted on the condition that results of this week's Contest to appear in "John Bull" dated Sept. 30, also Editor's decision in any matter of dispute, are accepted as final and legally binding. Employees of Odhams Press Ltd., and their families not eligible.

£100 CASH in ONE-WEEK X-WORD!

AWARDS £25 EXTRA

TRY John Bull's 10-MINUTE XWORD No 395

CLUES Answer every clue by entering letter in entry column. 3d Entry-fee for 1 Col. 3d 3d 3d

1		B	A	G	E	S		
2				O	B	B	Y	
3			A	E				
4				A	R	K		
5		S	P	T	E			
6				L	O	C	K	
7			G	O	W	S		
8				I	D	E	R	
9			P	T				
10		S	P	L	L			
11				E	L	L		
12			B	L	D			
13				I	N	G		
14			P	I	S	O	N	

I agree to enter in accordance with Rules and enclose necessary P.O. or stamps entry-fee, including 1d. for "Clueits" dated Sept. 23.

P.O. Value.....
No. .....
CLOSING POSTMARK MONDAY, SEPT. 11

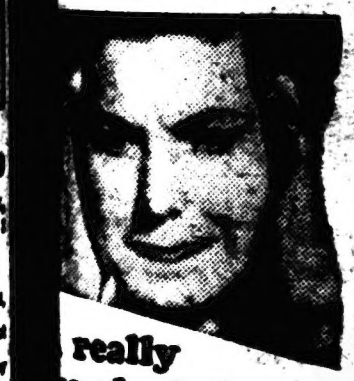
Signed .....
Address .....
395

8 COLUMNS FOR ONLY 1/6

To the 4 cols. on coupon you may add extra 4 cols. in blank margin on right. Total entry-fee for 8 cols. is 1s. 6d. only, including TWO FREE.

CUT ROUND THESE LINES

ADDRESS ENTRY "Bullets" No. 1,443—or Award No. 395, "JOHN BULL," LONG ACRE, LONDON, W.C.2 (Comp.)



really wonderful PAIN KILLER

...n have never tried Phensic DO NOW! Two tablets bring magic ...f. With Phensic you can stop pain ...n of nerve or muscular pain—get ...quickly relieve a splitting headache ...ch is nearly driving you to distrac- Phensic neither harms the heart ...pects the stomach and by some ...t is a rare and wonderful thing ...g painkillers. Two sizes: 1/1 and 3/3 including Purchase Tax.

TWO TABLETS NORMAL DOSE

Phensic

Specially made to clean the lavatory

1 Sprinkle in Harpic, and leave as long as possible. Harpic's cleansing action reaches right round into the S-bend.

2 Flush the lavatory. The whole bowl is clean and sanitary—the part you don't see, as well.

Because it is specially made for cleaning the lavatory, Harpic does the job effectively and easily. Its thorough action removes all discolouration—cleans, disinfects, and deodorizes the whole pan. Just sprinkle it into the lavatory and leave as long as possible. Then flush. The whole bowl gleams white!

HARPIC

Be Cheery

"I don't worry about Backache. I take Doan's."

Don't let yourself become weary and depressed by backache, rheumatic pains or urinary disorders.

THESE TROUBLES often arise if the action of your kidneys becomes sluggish—when nature's filters allow excess uric acid and other impurities to remain in the blood.

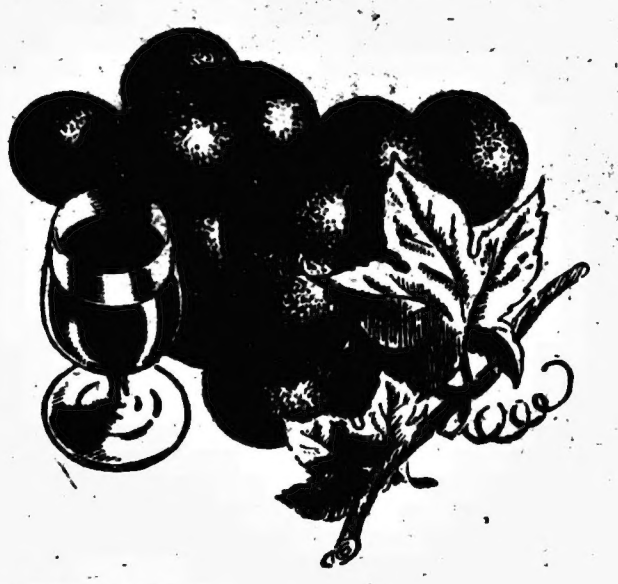
Let Doan's Backache Kidney Pills help to cleanse and stimulate your kidneys and so enable you to become your happy, healthy self again.

"I wish I had taken Doan's Pills earlier," "Now I keep free from rheumatic pains and urinary disorders," "My back does not bother me," are typical of thousands of statements made by grateful users.

Temporarily, supplies of Doan's, the special kidney medicine, are limited, but it is worth taking extra trouble to obtain such a dependable remedy.

1/3, 3/3 (incl. tax). Ask your Chemist for

DOANS Backache Kidney Pills



V.P. WINES

POINT BRAND

6/3 PER BOTTLE

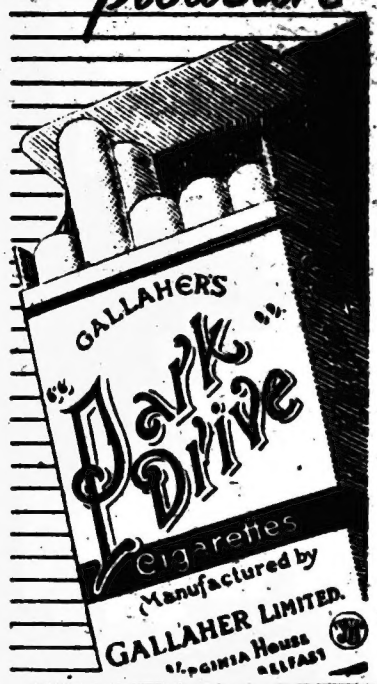
Grapes gathered in sunny southern Empire Vineyards are used for V.P. Wines (Point Brand). Produced here in England these fine quality wines although no longer plentiful are always moderately priced—and pre-war quality is maintained.

RICH RUBY · SWEET WHITE · BRITISH SHERRY

Vine Products Ltd., cannot supply you direct, so please ask your usual supplier.

PARK DRIVE

for pleasure



Why Mary has no shoe problem

Mary owns a pair of shoes
Which are her joy and pride;
Mary loves to walk about
When other people ride.
Yet Mary's shoes wear very well,
How comfortable they feel,
For each of them is fitted with
A Goodyear Sole and Heel!

* * *

Although Goodyear Soles and Heels, like so many things, aren't always obtainable just when you want them—it's well worth while waiting for them. They not only make shoes last longer, but they help retain your shoes' good looks. So remember to ask your repairer to fit Goodyear!

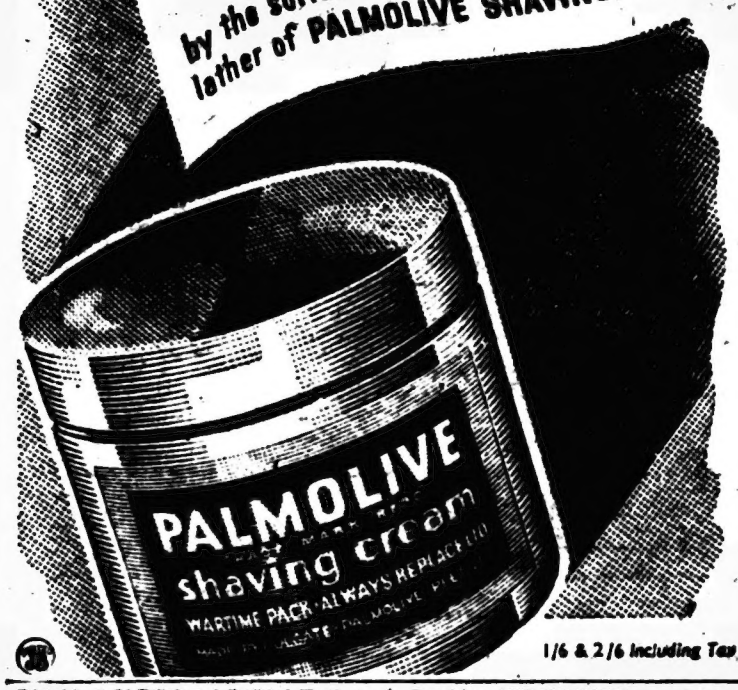
GOODYEAR SOLES & HEELS

For Men, Women and Children

(including Lightweight "invisible" stickon soles for women)

MULTITUDES OF CHINS COMFORTED EACH MORNING

by the softening, smoothing, soothing lather of PALMOLIVE SHAVING CREAM



1/6 & 2/6 Including Tax

GIVE YOUR TEETH A SHINE WITH Gibbs DENTIFRICE

7½d

REFILLS 7d & 10½d

NO MESS

NO WASTE

the last brushful is as effective as the first

W. & W. GIBBS LTD., LONDON, E.C.4

It makes you think!
INVASION STORES REDUCED BY
SERIOUS INCREASE IN FIRE-DAMAGE!
IN THE FIRST 3 MONTHS OF THIS YEAR ACCIDENTAL FIRES CAUSED MORE DAMAGE THAN IN THE SAME PERIOD OF 1943. REDUCING INVASION STORES. THERE'S A FIRE EVERY OTHER MINUTE SOMEWHERE IN BRITAIN.
THE FIRST ENGLISH SMOKER WAS NOT SIR WALTER RALEIGH BUT RALPH LANE. IF YOU ARE A SMOKER DON'T FORGET THAT MOST FIRES ARE CAUSED BY CIGARETTE-ENDS OR MATCHES
2 SECOND FRONT WARNING
ACCIDENTAL FIRES ARE HAMPERING THE WAR EFFORT—YET MOST FIRES WOULD NEVER HAPPEN IF EVERYONE MADE CERTAIN THEIR CIGARETTES AND MATCHES WERE REALLY OUT WHEN THEY THREW THEM AWAY
YOU CAN'T BE TOO CAREFUL!

Issued by the Fire Offices' Committee as part of a National Campaign supported by Government Departments concerned

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